

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Titus Andronicus* (STC 22329) LONDON, 1600 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (De.5.111) Octavo



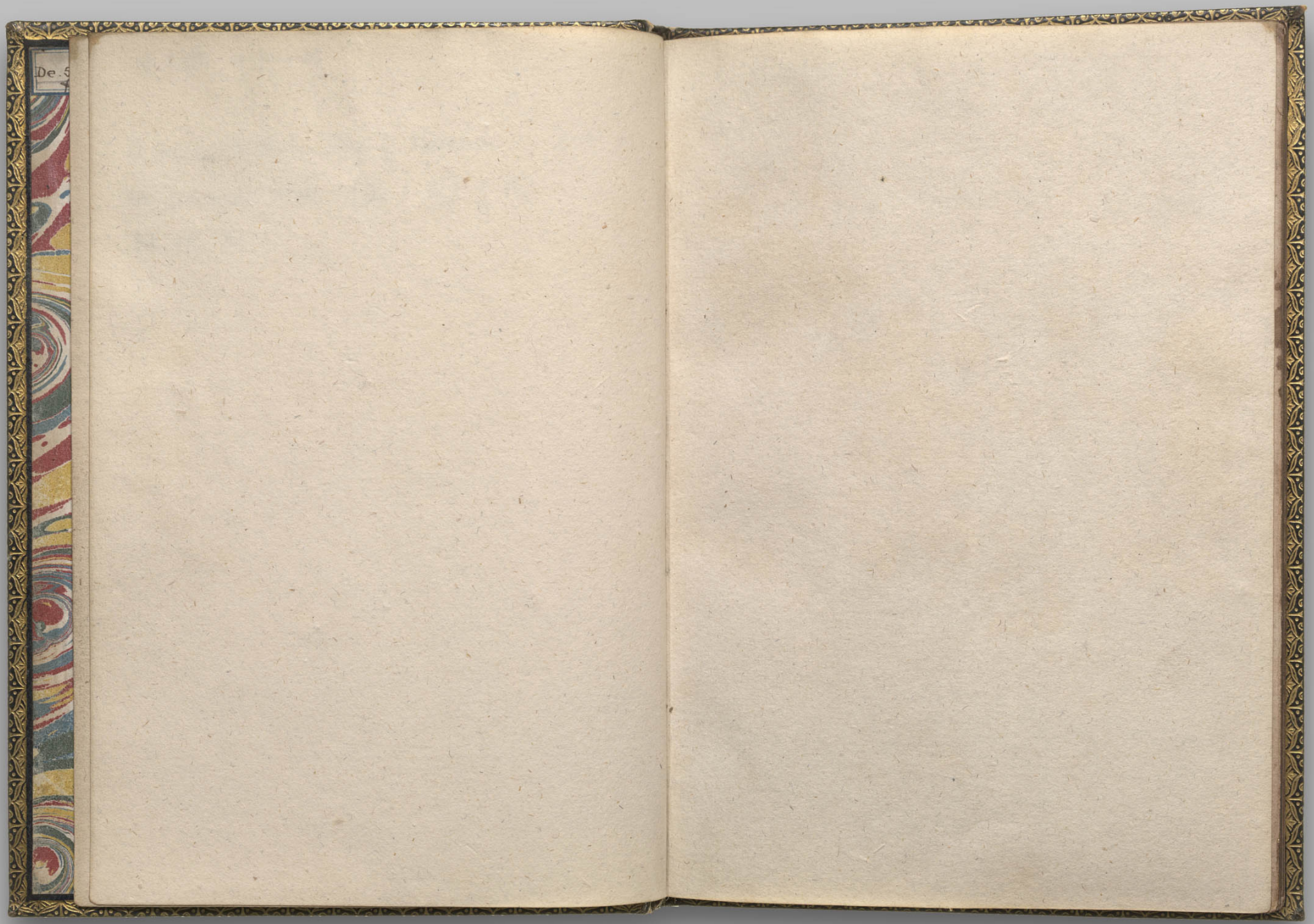
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De. 5

Given by William Hog of Harcairn in 1700.
see Donation Book (Da. 1. 31) f. 58.

N. 18. 31

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De. 5

Ad.c.23

The most lamentable Romaine Tragedie of *Titus Andronicus*.

F. 6 6

As it hath sundry times beene playde by the Right Honourable the Earle of Pembrooke, the Earle of Darbie, the Earle of Sussex, and the Lorde Chamberlaine theyr Seruants.

AT LONDON,
Printed by I. R. for Edward White and are to bee solde at his shoppe, at the little North doore of Paules, at the signe of the Gun. 1600.

EX BIBL. UNIV. EDINBURGEN.

The moſt lamentable Romaine Tragedie of *Titus Andronicus*: As it was plaid by the Right Honorable the Earle of Darbie, Earle of Pembrooke, and Earle of Suſſex theyr Seruants.

Enter the Tribunes *and* Senatours *aloft: And then enter* Saturninus *and his followers at one doore, and* Baſsianus *and his followers, with Drums and Trumpets.*

Saturninus.

NOble Patricians, Patrons of my right,
Defend the iuſtice of my cauſe with armes.
And Countrimen my louing followers,
Plead my ſucceſsiue Title with your ſwords:
I am his firſt borne ſonne, that was the laſt
That ware the Imperiall Diademe of Rome,
Then let my Fathers honours liue in mee,
Nor wrong mine age with this indignitie.

Baſsianus.

Romaines, friends, followers, fauourers of my right,
If euer *Baſsianus Cæſars* ſonne,
Were gracious in the eyes of royall Rome,
Keepe then this paſſage to the Capitoll,
And ſuffer not diſhonour to approch,
The Imperiall ſeate to vertue, conſecrate
To iuſtice, continence, and Nobilitie:
But let deſert in pure election ſhine,
And Romaines fight for freedome in your choice.

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Marcus Andronicus with the Crowne.

Princes that striue by factions and by friendes
Ambitiously for Rule and Emperie,
Know that the people of Rome for whom we stand
A speciall Partie, haue by common voyce,
In election for the Romaine Emperie
Chosen *Andronicus*, surnamed *Pius*,
For many good and great deserts to Rome:
A nobler man, a brauer Warriour,
Liues not this day within the Citty walls.
He by the Senate is accited home,
From wearie warres against the barbarous Gothes,
That with his sonnes (a terrour to our foes)
Hath yoakt a Nation strong, traind vp in Armes.
Tenne yeeres are spent since first he vndertooke
This cause of Rome, and chastised with Armes
Our enemies pride: Fiue times he hath returnd
Bleeding to Rome, bearing his valiant sonnes
In Coffins from the fielde,
And now at last, laden with honours spoyles
Returnes the good *Andronicus* to Rome,
Renowned *Titus* flourishing in Armes.
Let vs intreate by honour of his name,
Whom worthily you would haue now succeede,
And in the Capitall and Senates right,
Whom you pretend to honour and adore,
That you withdraw you, and abate your strength,
Dismisse your followers, and as suters should,
Pleade your deserts in peace and humblenes.

Saturninus.

How faire the Tribune speakes to calme my thoughts.

Basianus.

Marcus Andronicus, so I doe affie,

In thy vprighrnes and integrity,
And so I loue and honour thee and thine,
Thy noble brother *Titus* and his sonnes,
And her to whom my thoughts are humbled all,
Gracious *Lauinia*, Romes rich Ornament,
That I will heere dismisse my louing friends:
And to my fortunes and the peoples fauour,
Commit my cause in ballance to be waid. *Exit Souldiers.*

Saturninus.

Eriends that haue beene thus forward in my right.
I thanke you all, and heere dismisse you all,
And to the loue and fauour of my Country,
Commit my selfe, my person, and the cause:
Rome be as iust and gracious vnto me,
As I am confident and kinde to thee.
Open the gates and let me in.

Bascianus. Tribunes and me a poore Competitor.

They goe vp into the Senate house.

Enter a Captaine.

Romaines make way, the good *Andronicus*,
Patron of vertue, Romes best Champion:
Succesfull in the battailes that he fights,
With honour and with fortune is returnd,
From where he circumscribed with his sword,
And brought to yoake the enemies of Rome.

Sound Drummes and Trumpets, and then enter two of Titus *sonnes, and then two men bearing a Coffin couered with blacke, then two other sonnes, then* Titus Andronicus, *and then* Tamora *the Queene of Gothes and her two sonnes*, Chiron *and* Demetrius, *with* Aron *the More, and others, as many as can be, then set downe the Coffin, and* Titus *speakes.*

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Titus. Haile Rome, victorious in thy mourning weeds,
Loe as the Barke that hath discharged his fraught,
Returnes with precious lading to the bay,
From whence at first she wayd her anchorage;
Commeth *Andronicus*, bound with Lawrell bowes,
To resalute his Country with his teares,
Teares of true ioy for his returne to Rome,
Thou great defender of this Capitoll,
Stand gracious to the rights that we entend.
Romaines, of fiue and twenty valiant sonnes,
Halfe of the number that king *Priam* had,
Behold the poore remaines aliue and dead:
These that survive, let Rome reward with loue:
These that I bring vnto their lateſt home,
With buriall amongst their aunceſtors.
Heere *Gothes* haue giuen me leaue to sheath my sword,
Titus vnkind, and careleſſe of thine owne,
Why sufferst thou thy sonnes vnburied yet,
To houer on the dreadfull shore of Stix,
Make way to lay them by their brethren.

They open the Tombe.

There greete in silence as dead are wont,
And sleepe in peace, slaine in your Countries warres:
O sacred Receptacle of my ioyes,
Sweet Cell of vertue and Nobility,
How many sonnes hast thou of mine in store,
That thou wilt neuer render to me more.

Lucius. Giue vs the proudeſt prisoner of the *Gothes*.
That we may hew his limbs, and on a pile
Ad manus fratrum, sacrifice his flesh:
Before this earthy prison of their bones,
That so the shadowes be not vnappeaxd,
Nor we disturbd with prodigies on earth.

Titus.

Titus. I giue him you, the nobleſt that survives,
The eldeſt sonne of this distreſſed Queene.

Tamo. Stay Romaine brethren, gracious Conquerer,
Victorious *Titus*, rue the teares I shed,
A mothers teares in passion for her sonne:
And if thy sonnes were euer deere to thee,
Oh thinke my sonne to be as deere to mee.
Sufficeth not that we are brought to Rome
To beautifie thy triumphs, and returne
Captiue to thee, and to thy Romaine yoake,
But must my sonnes be slaughtered in the streetes,
For valiant doings in theyr Countries cause?
O if to fight for King and common weale,
Were pietie in thine, it is in these:
Andronicus, staine not thy tombe with blood.
Wilt thou draw neere the nature of the Gods?
Draw neere them then in being mercifull,
Sweet mercy is Nobilities true badge,
Thrice noble *Titus* spare my first borne sonne.

Titus. Patient your selfe Madam, and pardon me.
These are theyr brethren, whom you Gothes beheld
Aliue and dead, and for theyr brethren slaine,
Religiously they aske a sacrifice:
To this your sonne is markt, and die he must,
T'appeaſe their groning shadowes that are gone.

Lucius. Away with him, and make a fire straight,
And with our swords vpon a pile of wood,
Lets hew his limbs till they be cleane consumde.

Exit Titus sonnes with Alarbus.

Tamora. O cruell irreligious pietie.

Chiron. Was euer Sythia halfe so barbarous?

Demet. Oppoſe not Sythia to ambitious Rome,
Alarbus goes to reſt and we survive,
To tremble vnder *Titus* threatning looke,

Then

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Then Madam ſtand reſolu'd, but hope withall,
The ſelfe ſame Gods that armde the Queene of Troy
With opportunitie of ſharpe reuenge
Vpon the Thracian Tyrant in his Tent,
May fauour *Tamora* the Queene of Gothes,
(When Gothes were Gothes, and *Tamora* was Queene)
To quit the bloodie wrongs vpon her foes.

Enter the ſonnes of Andronicus againe.

Lucius. See Lord and father how we haue performd
Our Romaine rights, *Alarbus* limbs are lopt,
And intrals feede the ſacrifiſing fire,
Whoſe ſmoke like incenſe doth perfume the skie,
Remaineth nought but to interre our brethren,
And with lowd larums welcome them to *Rome*.
Titus. Let it be ſo, and let *Andronicus*
Make this his lateſt farewell to theyr ſoules.

Sound trumpets, and lay the Coffin in the Tombe.

In peace and honour reſt you heere my ſonnes,
Romes readieſt Champions, repoſe you here in reſt,
Secure from worldly chaunces and miſhaps:
Here lurks no treaſon, here no enuie ſwels,
Here grow no damned drugges, here are no ſtormes,
No noyſe, but ſilence and eternall ſleepe,
In peace and honour reſt you heere my ſonnes.

Enter Lauinia.

In peace and honour, liue Lord *Titus* long,
My noble Lord and Father liue in fame:
Loe at this Tombe my tributarie teares,
I render for my brethrens obſequies:
And at thy feete I kneele, with teares of ioy
Shed on the earth for thy returne to *Rome*,
O bleſſe me heere with thy victorious hand,
Whoſe fortunes *Romes* beſt Cittizens applaud.
Titus. Kind *Rome*, that haſt thus louingly reſerude

The cordiall of mine age to glad my hart,
Lauinia liue, out liue thy Fathers dayes,
And Fames eternall date for vertues praiſe.
Marcus. Long liue Lord *Titus*, my beloued brother,
Gracious triumpher in the eyes of Rome.
Titus. Thankes gentle Tribune, noble brother *Marcus*.
Marcus. And welcome Nephews from ſucceſful wars,
You that ſuruiue, and you that ſleepe in fame:
Faire Lords, your fortunes are alike in all,
That in your Countries ſeruice drew your ſwords,
But ſafer triumph is this funerall pompe,
That hath aſpirde to *Solons* happines,
And triumphs ouer chaunce in honors bed.
Titus Andronicus, the people of Rome,
Whoſe friend in iuſtice thou haſt euer beene,
Send thee by mee their Tribune and their truſt,
This Palliament of white and ſpotleſſe hue,
And name thee in election for the Empire,
With theſe our late deceaſed Emperours ſonnes:
Be *Candidatus* then, and put it on,
And helpe to ſet a head on headles Rome.
Titus. A better head her glorious body fits,
Than his that ſhakes for age and feeblenes:
What ſhould I don this Roabe and trouble you,
Be choſen with Proclamations to day,
To morrow yeeld vp rule, reſigne my life,
And ſet abroad new buſines for you all.
Rome I haue beene thy ſouldier fortie yeeres,
And led my Countries ſtrength ſucceſfully,
And buried one and twentie valiant ſonnes
Knighted in Field, ſlaine manfully in Armes,
In right and ſeruice of their noble Countrie:
Giue me a ſtaffe of Honour for mine age,
But not a ſcepter to controule the world,

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Vpright he held it Lords, that held it last.
Marcus. *Titus*, thou shalt obtaine & aske the Emperie.
Satur. Proud and ambitious Tribune canst thou tell.
Titus. Patience Prince *Saturninus*.
Satur. Romaines doe me right.
Patricians draw your swords, and sheath them not
Till *Saturninus* be Romes Emperour:
Andronicus, would thou were shipt to hell,
Rather then rob me of the peoples harts.
Lucius. Proude *Saturnine*, interrupter of the good
That noble minded *Titus* meanes to thee.
Titus. Content thee prince, I will restore to thee
The peoples harts, and weane them from themselues.
Bassian. *Andronicus*, I doe not flatter thee,
But honour thee, and will doe till I die:
My faction if thou strengthen with thy friend,
I will most thankfull be, and thanks to men
Of noble mindes, is honorable meede.
Titus. People of Rome, and peoples Tribunes here,
I aske your voyces and your suffrages,
Will you bestow them friendly on *Andronicus*?
Tribunes. To gratifie the good *Andronicus*,
And gratulate his safe returne to *Rome*,
The people will accept whom he admits.
Titus. Tribunes I thanke you, and this suite I make,
That you create your Emperours eldest sonne,
Lord *Saturnine*, whose vertues will I hope,
Reflect on *Rome* as Tytans raies on earth,
And ripen iustice in this Common weale:
Then if you will elect by my aduise,
Crowne him, and say, Long liue our Emperour.
Marcus. *An.* With voyces & applause of euery sort,
Patricians and Plebeans, we create
Lord *Saturninus Romes* great Emperour,

And say, *Long liue our Emperour* Saturnine.
Saturni. *Titus Andronicus*, for thy fauours done,
To vs in our election this day,
I giue thee thankes in part of thy deserts,
And will with deedes requite thy gentlenes:
And for an onset Titus to aduance
Thy name, and honorable familie,
Lauinia will I make my Empresse,
Romes royall Mistris, Mistris of my hart,
And in the sacred *Pathan* her espouse:
Tell me *Andronicus*, doth this motion please thee.
Titus. It doth my worthy Lord, and in this match,
I hold me highly honoured of your Grace,
And heere in sight of *Rome* to Saturnine,
King and Commander of our common weale,
The wide worlds Emperour, doe I consecrate,
My sword, my Chariot, and my prisoners,
Presents well worthy *Romes* imperious Lord:
Receiue them then, the tribute that I owe,
Mine honours Ensignes humbled at thy feete.
Satur. Thankes noble Titus, Father of my life,
How proude I am of thee, and of thy gifts
Rome shall record, and when I doe forget
The least of these vnspeakable deserts,
Romans forget your fealtie to me.
Titus. Now Madam are you prisoner to an Emperour,
To him that for your honour and your state,
Will vse you nobly, and your followers.
Satur. A goodly Lady, trust me of the hue
That I would choose, were *I* to choose a newe:
Cleere vp faire Queene that clowdy countenance,
Though chance of war hath wrought this change of cheere,
Thou comst not to be made a scorne in *Rome*.
Princely shall be thy vsage euery way.

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Reſt on my word, and let not diſcontent,
Daunt all your hopes, Madame he comforts you,
Can make you greater than the Queene of *Gothes*,
Lauinia you are not diſpleaſde with this.
Lauinia. Not I my Lord, ſith true Nobilitie,
Warrants theſe words in princely curteſie.
Satur. Thankes ſweet *Lauinia*, Romans let vs goe,
Raunſomles heere we ſet our priſoners free,
Proclaime our honours Lords with trumpe and Drum.
Baſsianus. Lord *Titus* by your leaue, this maide is mine.
Titus. How ſir, are you in earneſt then my Lord?
Baſsia. I noble *Titus*, and reſolude withall,
To doe my ſelfe this reaſon and this right.
Marcus. *Suum cuiqum* is our Romane iuſtice,
This Prince in iuſtice ceazeth but his owne.
Lucius. And that he will and ſhall, if *Lucius* liue.
Titus. Traytors auaunt, where is the Emperours gard?
Treaſon my Lord, *Lauinia* is ſurprizde.
Satur. Surprizde, by whom?
Baſsia. By him that iuſtly may
Beare his betrothde from all the world away.
Mutius. Brothers, helpe to conuey her hence away,
And with my ſword Ile keepe this doore ſafe.
Titus. Follow my Lord, and Ile ſoone bring her back.
Mutius. My Lord you paſſe not heere.
Titus. What villaine boy, barſt me my way in Rome?
Mutius. Helpe *Lucius*, helpe.
Lucius. My Lord you are vniuſt, and more then ſo,
In wrongfull quarrell you haue ſlaine your ſonne.
Titus. Nor thou, nor he, are any ſonnes of mine,
My ſonnes would neuer ſo diſhonour me,
Traytor reſtore *Lauinia* to the Emperour.
Lucius. Dead if you will, but not to be his wife,
That is anothers lawfull promiſt loue.

Enter

Enter aloft the Emperour with Tamora and her two ſonnes, and Aron the Moore.

Emperour. No *Titus*, no, the Emperour needs her not,
Nor her, nor thee, nor any of thy ſtocke:
Ile truſt by leyſure, him that mocks me once,
Thee neuer, nor thy trayterous haughty ſonnes,
Confederates all thus to diſhonour me.
Was none in Rome to make a ſtale
But *Saturnine?* Full well *Andronicus*
Agree theſe deeds, with that proud bragge of thine,
That ſaidſt I begd the Empire at thy hands.
Titus. O monſtrous, what reprochfull words are theſe?
Satur. But goe thy wayes, goe giue that changing peece,
To him that flouriſht for her with his ſword:
A valiant ſonne in law thou ſhalt enioy,
One fit to bandy with thy lawleſſe ſonnes,
To ruffle in the Common-wealth of Rome.
Titus. Theſe words are razors to my wounded hart.
Satur. And therfore louely *Tamora* Queene of Gothes,
That like the ſtately *Thebe* mongſt her Nymphs,
Doſt ouerſhine the gallant'ſt Dames of Rome,
If thou be pleaſd with this my ſodaine choiſe,
Behold I chooſe thee *Tamora* for my Bride,
And will create thee Empreſſe of Rome.
Speake Queene of Gothes do'ſt thou applaud my choiſe?
And heere I ſweare by all the Romaine Gods,
Sith Prieſt and holy water are ſo neere,
And tapers burne ſo bright, and euery thing
In readines for *Hymeneus* ſtand,
I will not reſalute the ſtreetes of Rome,
Or clime my Pallace, till from forth this place,
I leade eſpowſd my Bride along with me.
Tamora. And heere in ſight of heauen to Rome I ſweare,
If *Saturnine* aduaunce the Queene of Gothes,

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Shee will a handmaide be to his desires,
A louing Nurse, a Mother to his youth.
Sat. Ascend faire Queene: Panthean Lords accompany
Your Noble Emperour and his louely Bride,
Sent by the Heauens for Prince *Saturnine*,
Whose wisdome hath her Fortune conquered,
There shall we consummate our spousall rites.
Exeunt omnes.
Titus. I am not bid to waite vpon this Bride,
Titus when wert thou wont to walke alone,
Dishonoured thus and challenged of wrongs.
Enter Marcus and Titus sonnes.
Marcus. O *Titus* see: O see what thou hast done
In a bad quarrell slaine a vertuous sonne.
Titus. No foolish Tribune, no: No sonne of mine,
Nor thou, nor these, confederates in the deede,
That hath dishonoured all our *Family*,
Vnworthy brother, and vnworthy sonnes.
Lucius. But let vs giue him buriall as becomes,
Giue *Mucius* buriall with our bretheren.
Titus. Traytors away, he rests not in this tombe:
This monument fiue hundreth yeares hath stood,
Which I haue sumptuously reedified:
Heere none but Souldiers and Romes Seruitors
Repose in fame: None basely slaine in braules,
Bury him where you can he comes not heere.
Marcus. My Lord this is impiety in you,
My Nephew *Mutius* deeds doo plead for him,
He must be buried with his brethren.
Titus two sonnes speakes.
And shall, or him we will accompany.
Titus. And shall. What villaine was it spake that word?
Titus sonne speakes.
He that would vouch it in any place but heere.

Titus.

Titus. What would you bury him in my despight?
Marcus. No noble *Titus*, but intreate of thee.
To pardon *Mutius*, and to bury him.
Titus. *Marcus*: Euen thou hast stroke vpon my crest.
And with these boyes mine honour thou hast wounded,
My foes I doe repute you euery one.
So trouble me no more, but get you gone.
3. Sonne. He is not with himselfe, let vs withdraw.
2. Sonne. Not I till *Mutius* bones be buried.
The brother and the sonnes kneele.
Marcus. Brother, for in that name doth nature pleade.
2. Sonne. Father, and in that name doth nature speake.
Titus. Speake thou no more, if all the rest will speede.
Marcus. Renowmed *Titus*, more then halfe my soule.
Lucius. Deare Father, soule and substance of vs all.
Marcus. Suffer thy brother *Marcus* to interre,
His noble Nephew heere in vertues nest,
That died in honour and *Lauinias* cause.
Thou art a Romaine, be not barbarous:
The Greekes vpon aduise did bury *Aiax*
That slew himselfe: and wise *Laertes* sonne,
Did graciously plead for his Funerals:
Let not young *Mutius* then that was thy ioy,
Be bard his entrance heere.
Titus. Rise *Marcus*, rise,
The dismalst day is this that ere I saw,
To be dishonoured by my sonnes in *Rome*:
Well bury him, and bury me the next.
They put him in the tombe.
Lucius. There lie thy bones sweet *Mutius* with thy friends,
Till we with Trophees doo adorne thy tombe:
They all kneele and say,
No man shed teares for noble *Mutius*,
He liues in fame, that dide in vertues cause.

Exit.

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Exit all but Marcus and Titus.

Marcus. My Lord to ſtep out of theſe dririe dumps,
How comes it that the ſubtile Queene of *Gothes*,
Is of a ſodaine thus aduaunc'd in Rome.

Titus. I know not *Marcus*, but I know it is.
(Whether by deuiſe or no, the heauens can tell.)
Is ſhe not then beholding to the man,
That brought her for this high good turne ſo farre.

Enter the Emperour, Tamora and her two ſonnes, with the Moore at one doore. Enter at the other doore Baſcianus and Lauinia, with others.

Saturnine. So *Baſcianus*, you haue plaid your prize,
God giue you ioy ſir of your gallant Bride.

Baſcianus. And you of yours my Lord, I ſay no more,
Nor wiſh no leſſe, and ſo I take my leaue.

Saturnine. Traytor, if Rome haue law, or we haue power,
Thou and thy faction ſhall repent this Rape.

Baſcianus. Rape call you it my Lord to ceaze my owne,
My true betrothed loue, and now my wife:
But let the lawes of Rome determine all,
Meane while am I poſſeſt of that is mine.

Saturnine. Tis good ſir, you are very ſhort with vs.
But if we liue, weele be as ſharpe with you.

Baſcianus. My Lord what I haue done as beſt I may.
Anſwere I muſt, and ſhall doo with my life,
Onely thus much I giue your Grace to know,
By all the duties that I owe to Rome,
This Noble Gentleman Lord *Titus* heere,
Is in opinion and in honour wrong'd,
That in the reſcue of *Lauinia*,
With his owne hand did ſlay his youngeſt ſonne,
In zeale to you, and highly moou'd to wrath,

To be contrould in that he frankelie gaue,
Receaue him then to fauour *Saturnine*,
That hath expreſt himſelfe in all his deedes
A Father and a friend to thee and *Rome*.

Titus. Prince *Baſianus* leaue to plead my deedes,
Tis thou, and thoſe, that haue diſhonoured me,
Rome and the righteous heauens be my iudge,
How *I* haue lou'd and honoured *Saturnine*.

Tamora. My worthy Lord, if euer Tamora,
Were gracious in thoſe princely eyes of thine,
Then heare me ſpeake indifferently for all:
And at my ſute (ſweete) pardon what is paſt.

Satur. What Madam, be diſhonoured openly,
And baſely put it vp without reuenge.

Tamora. Not ſo my Lord, the Gods of *Rome* forfend
I ſhould be Author to diſhonour you.
But on mine honour dare I vndertake,
For good Lord Titus innocence in all:
Whoſe furie not diſſembled ſpeakes his greefes:
Then at my ſute looke graciouſly on him,
Looſe not ſo noble a friend on vaine ſuppoſe,
Nor with ſowre lookes afflict his gentle hart.
My Lord, be rulde by me, be wonne at laſt,
Diſſemble all your greefes and diſcontents,
You are but newly planted in your Throne,
Leaſt then the people, and Patricians too,
Vpon a iuſt ſuruay take Titus part,
And ſo ſupplant you for ingratitude,
Which *Rome* reputes to be a hainous ſinne.
Yeelde at intreates: and then let me alone,
Ile finde a day to maſſacre them all,
And race their faction and their familie,
The cruell Father, and his trayterous ſonnes,
To whom *I* ſued for my deere ſonnes life.

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And make them know what tis to let a Queene,
Kneele in the ſtreets,and begge for grace in vaine.
Come, come ſweet Emperour, (come *Andronicus*,)
Take vp thys good old man,and cheere the hart,
That dies in tempeſt of thy angry frowne.
Satur. Riſe Titus riſe, my Empreſſe hath preuaild.
Titus. I thanke your maieſtie,and her my Lord.
Theſe wordes,theſe lookes,infuſe new life in me.
Tamora. Titus I am incorporate in Rome,
A Roman now adopted happily,
And muſt aduiſe the Emperour for his good,
Thys day all quarrels die *Andronicus*.
And let it be mine honour good my Lord,
That I haue reconciled your friends and you.
For you prince *Baſsianus* I haue paſt
My word and promiſe to the Emperour,
That you will be more milde and tractable.
And feare not Lords, and you *Lauinia*,
By my aduiſe all humbled on your knees,
You ſhall aske pardon of his Maieſtie.
We doe, and vowe to heauen, and to his highnes;
That what we did, was mildly as we might,
Tendring our ſiſters honour and our owne.
Marcus. That on mine honour heere I doe proteſt.
Satur. Away and talke not, trouble vs no more.
Tamora. Nay, nay ſweet Emperor,we muſt all be friends,
The Tribune and his Nephews kneele for grace,
I will not be denied, ſweet hart looke back.
Satur. Marcus, for thy ſake,and thy brothers heere,
And at my louelie *Tamoras* intreats,
I doe remit theſe young mens hainous faults,
Stand vp: *Lauinia*, though you left me like a churle,
I found a friend, and ſure as death I ſwore,
I would not part a Batchiler from the prieſt.

Come, if the Emperours court can feaſt two Brides,
You are my gueſt *Lauinia*, and your friendes:
Thys day ſhall be a loue-day *Tamora*.
Titus. To morrow and it pleaſe your maieſtie,
To hunt the Panther and the Hart with me,
With horne and hound, weele giue your grace bon iour.
Saturn. Be it ſo Titus, and gramercie to. *Exeunt.*

ſound trumpets, manet Moore.

Aron. Now climeth Tamora Olympus toppe,
Safe out of Fortunes ſhot, and ſits aloft,
Secure of thunders cracke or lightning flaſh,
Aduaunc'd aboue pale enuies threatning reach,
As when the golden ſunne ſalutes the morne,
And hauing gilt the Ocean with his beames,
Gallops the Zodiacke in his gliſtering coach,
And ouer-lookes the higheſt piering hills.
So *Tamora*.
Vpon her wit doth earthly honour waite,
And vertue ſtoops and trembles at her frowne.
Then *Aron* arme thy hart, and fit thy thoughts,
To mount aloft with thy Emperiall Miſtris,
And mount her pitch, whom thou in triumph long
Haſt priſoner held, fettred in amourous chaines,
And faſter bound to *Arons* charming eyes,
Then is *Prometheus* tyde to *Caucaſus*.
Away with ſlauiſh weedes and ſeruile thoughts,
I will be bright, and ſhine in pearle and gold,
To waite vpon this new made Empereſſe.
To waite ſaid I? to wanton with this Queene,
This Goddeſſe, this Semerimis, this Nymph,
Thys Syren, that will charme Romes *Saturnine*,
And ſee his ſhipwracke, and his Common-weales.
Hollo, what ſtorme is this?

Enter Chiron and Demetrius brauing.

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Deme. *Chiron* thy yeeres wants wit, thy wit wants edge
And manners to intrude where I am grac'd,
And may for ought thou knowest affected be.
Chiron. *Demetrius*, thou dost ouerweene in all,
And so in this, to beare me downe with braues,
Tis not the difference of a yeere or two
Makes me lesse gracious, or thee more fortunate:
I am as able and as fit as thou,
To serue, and to deserue my Mistris grace,
And that my sword vpon thee shall approue,
And pleade my passions for *Lauinias* loue.
Moore. Clubs, clubs, these louers will not keepe the peace.
Deme. Why boy, although our mother (vnaduizd)
Gaue you a daunsing rapier by your side,
Are you so desperate growne to threat your friends:
Goe too: haue your lath glued within your sheath,
Till you know better how to handle it.
Chiron. Meane while sir, with the little skill I haue,
Full well shalt thou perceiue how much *I* dare.
Deme. I boy, grow yee so braue? *they draw.*
Aron. Why how now Lords?
So neere the Emperours pallace dare you draw,
And maintaine such a quarrell openly?
Full well *I* wote the ground of all this grudge,
I would not for a million of gold,
The cause were knowne to them it most concernes,
Nor would your noble mother for much more
Be so dishonoured in the Court of *Rome*.
For shame put vp.
Deme. Not I, till I haue sheathd
My rapier in his bosome, and withall
Thrust those reprochfull speeches downe his throate,
That he hath breathd in my dishonour heere.
Chiron. For that *I* am prepard, and full resolude,

Foule spoken Coward, that thundrest with thy tongue,
And with thy weapon nothing darst performe.
Moore. Away I say.
Now by the Gods that warlike *Gothes* adore,
This petty brabble will vndoo vs all:
Why Lords, and thinke you not how dangerous
It is to iet vpon a Princes right?
What is *Lauinia* then become so loose,
Or *Bascianus* so degenerate,
That for her loue such quarrels may be brocht,
Without controlement, iustice, or reuenge.
Young Lords beware, and should the Empresse know,
This discords ground, the musicke would not please.
Chiron. I care not I, knew she and all the world,
I loue *Lauinia* more then all the world. (choise,
Demetrius. Youngling learne thou to make some meaner
Lauinia is thine elder brothers hope.
Moore. Why are ye mad? or know yee not in *Rom*
How furious and impatient they be,
And cannot brooke competitors in loue?
I tell you Lords, you doo but plot your deaths,
By this deuise.
Chiron. *Aron*, A thousand deaths would I propo
To atchiue her whom I loue.
Aron. To atchiue her how?
Demetrius. Why makes thou it so strange?
Shee is a woman, therefore may be woo'd,
Shee is a woman, therefore may be wone,
Shee is *Lauinia*, therefore must be lou'd.
What man, more water glideth by the mill
Than wots the Miller of, and easie it is,
Of a cut loafe to steale a shiue we know:
Though *Bascianus* be the Emperours brother,
Better than he haue worne *Vulcans* badge.

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Moore. I, and as good as *Saturninus* may.
Demet. Then why should hee dispaire that knowes to court it
With words, faire lookes, & liberality.
What hast not thou full often strooke a Doe,
And borne her cleanly by the Keepers nose?
Moore. Why then it seemes some certaine snatch, or so
Would serue your turnes.
Chiron. I so the turne were serued.
Demet. *Aron* thou hast hit it.
Moore. Would you had hit it too,
Then should not we be tirde with this adoo.
Why harke yee, harke yee, and are you such fooles,
To square for this: would it offend you then
That both should speede.
Chiron. Faith not me.
Demet. Nor me, so I were one.
Aron. For shame be friends, and ioyne for that you iar,
Tis pollicie and stratageme must doe
That you affect, and so must you resolue,
That what you cannot as you would atchiue,
You must perforce accomplish as you may:
Take this of me, *Lucrece* was not more chast
Than this *Lauinia*, *Bascianus* loue.
A speedier course this lingring languishment
Must we pursue, and I haue found the path:
My Lords, a solemne hunting is in hand,
There will the louely Romaine Ladies troope:
The forrest walkes are wide and spacious,
And many vnfrequented plots there are,
Fitted by kinde for rape and villanie:
Single you thither then this daintie Doe,
And strike her home by force, if not by words,
This way or not at all, stand you in hope,
Come, come, our Empresse with her sacred wit

To

To villanie and vengeance consecrate,
VVill we acquaint with all that we intend,
And she shall file our engines with aduise,
That will not suffer you to square your selues,
But to your wishes hight aduance you both.
The Emperours court is like the house of fame,
The pallace full of tongues, of eyes, and eares:
The woods are ruthles, dreadfull, deafe, and dull:
There speake, and strike braue boyes, and take your turnes,
There serue your lust, shadowed from heauens eye,
And reuell in *Lauinias* treasurie.
Chiron. Thy counsell lad smells of no cowardize.
Demetrius. *Sit fas aut nefas*, till I finde the streame,
To coole this heate, a charme to calme these fits,
Per Stigia, per manes Vehor. *Exeunt.*

Enter Titus Andronicus *and his three sonnes, making a noyse with hounds & hornes.*

Titus. The hunt is vp, the Moone is bright and gray,
The fieldes are fragrant, and the woods are greene,
Vncouple heere, and let vs make a bay,
And wake the Emperour, and his louely Bride,
And rowze the Prince, and ring a Hunters peale
That all the court may eccho with the noyse.
Sonnes, let it be your charge, as it is ours,
To attend the Emperours person carefully:
I haue beene troubled in my sleepe this night,
But dawning day new comfort hath inspirde.

Heere a cry of Houndes, and winde horne in a peale, then enter Saturninus, Tamora, Bascianus, Lauinia, Chiron, Demetrius, and their Attendants.

Titus. Many good morrowes to your Maiestie,
Madame to you as many, and as good.
I promised your Grace a Hunters peale,

Saturn.

Saturnine. And you haue rung it lustily my Lords,
Somewhat too early for new married Ladies.
Bassianus. Lauinia, how say you?
Laui. I say no: I haue beene broad awake two houres and (more.
Saturnine. Come on then, horse and Chariots let vs haue,
And to our sport: Madam, now shall ye see,
Our Romaine hunting.
Marcus. I haue doggs my Lord,
Will rouze the proudest Panther in the chase,
And clime the highest promontary top.
Titus. And I haue horse will follow where the game
Makes way, and runnes like swallowes ore the plaine.
Demetrius. Chiron we hunt not we, with horse nor hound
But hope to pluck a dainty Doe to ground. *Exeunt.*

Enter Aron alone.

Moore. He that had wit, would think that I had none,
To bury so much gold vnder a tree,
And neuer after to inherite it.
Let him that thinks of me so abiectly,
Know that this gold must coine a stratageme,
Which cunningly effected will beget,
A very excellent peece of villany:
And so repose sweet gold for their vnrest,
That haue their almes out of the Empresse Chest.

Enter Tamora alone to the Moore.

Tamora. My louely *Aron*, wherefore look'st thou sad,
When euery thing doth make a gleefull boast?
The birds chaunt melody on euery bush,
The Snakes lies rolled in the cheerefull sunne,
The greene leaues quiuer with the cooling wind,
And make a checkerd shadow on the ground:
Vnder their sweet shade, *Aron* let vs sit,
And whilst the babling Ecchoe mocks the hounds,
Replying shrilly to the well tun'd hornes,

As if a double hunt were heard at once,
Let vs sit downe and marke theyr yelowing noyse:
And after conflict such as was supposde
The wandring Prince and *Dido* once enioyed,
When with a happy storme they were surprisde,
And curtaind with a counsaile-keeping Caue,
We may each wreathed in the others armes,
(Our pastimes done) possesse a golden slumber,
Whiles hounds and hornes, and sweet melodious birds
Be vnto vs as is a Nurces song
Of Lullabie, to bring her Babe a sleepe.
Aron. Madame, though *Venus* gouerne your desires,
Saturne is dominator ouer mine:
What signifies my deadly standing eye,
My silence, and my clowdy melancholie,
My fleece of woollie hayre that now vncurles,
Euen as an Adder when she doth vnrowle
To doe some fatall execution.
No madam, these are no veneriall signes,
Vengeance is in my hart, death in my hand,
Blood and reuenge are hammering in my head.
Harke *Tamora* the Empresse of my soule,
Which neuer hopes more heauen than rests in thee,
This is the day of doome for *Bassianus*,
His *Philomel* must loose her tongue to day,
Thy sonnes make pillage of her chastitie,
And wash theyr hands in *Bassianus* blood.
Seest thou this letter? take it vp I pray thee,
And giue the King this fatall plotted scrowle.
Now question me no more, we are espied,
Heere comes a parcell of our hopefull bootie,
Which dreads not yet their liues destruction.

Enter Bascianus *and* Lauinia.

Tamora. Ah my sweet *Moore*, sweeter to me then life.

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Moore. No more great Empresse, *Bascianus* comes.
Be crosse with him, and Ile goe fetch thy sonnes
To backe thy quarrels what so ere they be.
Basianus. Who haue we here? Romes royall Empresse,
Vnfurnisht of her well beseeming troope?
Or is it *Dian* habited like her,
Who hath abandoned her holy Groues,
To see the generall hunting in this Forrest?
Tamora. Sawcie controuler of my priuate steps,
Had I the power that some say *Dian* had,
Thy temples should be planted presently,
With hornes as was *Acteons*, and the hounds,
Should driue vpon thy new transformed limbes,
Vnmannerly intruder as thou art.
Lauinia. Vnder your patience gentle Empresse,
Tis thought you haue a goodly gift in horning,
And to be doubted that your *Moore* and you,
Are singled forth to try experiments:
Ioue sheeld your husband from his hounds to day,
Tis pitty they should take him for a Stag.
Basianus. Beleeue me Queene your swartie Cymerion,
Doth make your honour of his bodies hue,
Spotted, detested, and abhominable.
VVhy are you sequestred from all your traine,
Dismounted from your snow white goodly steede,
And wandred hether to an obscure plot,
Accompanied but with a barbarous *Moore*,
If foule desire had not conducted you?
Lauinia. And beeing intercepted in your sport,
Great reason that my noble Lord be rated
For sausines, I pray you let vs hence,
And let her ioy her Rauen culloured loue,
This valley fits the purpose passing well.
Basia. The King my brother shall haue notice of this.

Lauinia.

Lauinia. I, for these slips haue made him noted long,
Good King to be so mightily abused.
Queene. VVhy I haue patience to indure all this.

Enter Chiron and Demetrius.

Dem. How now deere soueraigne & our gracious mother,
VVhy doth your Highnes looke so pale and wan?
Queene. Haue I not reason thinke you to looke pale,
These two haue ticed me hether to this place,
A barren, detested vale you see it is,
The trees though Sommer, yet forlorne and leane,
Orecome with mosse and balefull Misselto.
Here neuer shines the sunne, heere nothing breedes,
Vnlesse the nightly Owle or fatall Rauen:
And when they showd me this abhorred pit,
They told me here at dead time of the night,
A thousand feends, a thousand hissing snakes,
Ten thousand swelling toades, as many vrchins,
Would make such fearefull and confused cries,
As any mortall body hearing it
Should straite fall mad, or else die suddainely.
No sooner had they tolde this hellish tale,
But strait they told me they would binde me here,
Vnto the body of a dismall Ewgh,
And leaue me to this miserable death.
And then they calde me foule adulteresse,
Lauicious Goth, and all the bittrest tearmes,
That euer eare did heare to such effect.
And had you not by wondrous fortune come,
This vengeance on me had they executed:
Reuenge it as you loue your Mothers life,
Or be ye not henceforth cald my children.
Demet. This is a witnes that I am thy sonne. *stab him.*
Chiron. And this for me struck home to shew my strength.
Lauinia. I come Semeramis, nay Barberous Tamora,

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For no name fits thy nature but thy owne.
Tamora. Giue me the poynard, you shall know my boies,
Your mothers hand shall right your mothers wrong.
Demet. Stay Madam, heere is more belongs to her,
First thrash the corne, then after burne the straw:
This minion stood vpon her chastitie,
Vpon her Nuptiall vow, her loyaltie,
And with that painted hope, braues your mightines,
And shall she carry this vnto her graue.
Chiron. And if she doe, I would I were an Euenuke,
Drag hence her husband to some secrete hole,
And make his dead trunke pillow to our lust.
Tamora. But when ye haue the honny we desire,
Let not this waspe out-liue vs both to sting.
Chiron. I warrant you madam, we will make that sure:
Come mistris, now perforce we will enioy,
That nice preserued honestie of yours.
Lauinia. Oh *Tamora*, thou bearest a womans face.
Tamora. I will not heare her speake, away with her.
Lauinia. Sweet Lords intreate her heare me but a wotd.
Demet. Listen faire Madam, let it be your glory
To see her teares, but be your hart to them
As vnrelenting Flint to drops of raine.
Lauinia. When did the Tigers young ones teach the dam.
O doe not learne her wrath, she taught it thee,
The milke thou suckst from her did turne to Marble,
Euen at thy teat thou hadst thy tyranny,
Yet euery mother breedes not sonnes alike,
Doe thou intreate her shew a woman pitty. (bastard?
Chiron. What wouldst thou haue me prooue my selfe a
Lauinia. Tis true the Rauen doth not hatch a Larke,
Yet haue I heard, Oh could I finde it now,
The Lion moued with pittie did indure
To haue his princely pawes parde all away:

Some say that Rauens foster forlorne children,
The whilst their owne birds famish in their nests:
Oh be to me though thy hard hart say no,
Nothing so kind but somthing pittifull.
Tamora. I know not what it meanes, away with her.
Lauinia. Oh let me teach thee for my Fathers sake,
That gaue thee life when well he might haue slaine thee,
Be not obdurate, open thy deafe yeares.
Tamora. Hadst thou in person nere offended me,
Euen for his sake am I pittilesse.
Remember boyes I powrd forth teares in vaine,
To saue your brother from the sacrifice,
But fierce *Andronicus* would not relent,
Therefore away with her, and vse her as you will,
The worse to her the better lou'd of me.
Lauinia. Oh *Tamora*, be call'd a gentle Queene,
And with thine owne hands kill me in this place,
For tis not life that I haue begd so long,
Poore I was slaine when *Bascianus* dide.
Tamora. What begst thou then fond woman let me goe?
Lauinia. Tis present death I beg, and one thing more,
That womanhood denies my tongue to tell,
Oh keepe me from their worse than killing lust,
And tumble me into some lothsome pit,
Where neuer mans eye may behold my body,
Doe this and be a charitable murderer.
Tamora. So should I rob my sweet sonnes of their fee,
No let them satisfie their lust on thee.
Demetrius. Away for thou hast staide vs heere too long.
Lauinia. No grace, no womanhood, ah beastly creature,
The blot and enemy to our generall name,
Confusion fall. (husband,
Chiron. Nay then ile stoppe your mouth, bring thou her
This is the hole where *Aron* bid vs hide him.

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Tamora. Farewell my sonnes, see that you make her sure,
Nere let my hart know merry cheere indeede,
Till all the *Adronicie* be made away:
Now will I hence to seeke my louely *Moore*,
And let my spleenfull sonnes this Trull deflowre.

Enter Aron, with two of Titus sonnes.

Come on my Lords, the better foote before,
Straight will I bring you to the lothsome pit,
Where I espied the Panther fast a sleepe.
Quintus. My sight is very dull what ere it bodes.
Mart. And mine I promise you, were it not for shame,
Well could I leaue our sport to sleepe a while.
Quin. What art thou fallen, what subtill hole is this,
Whose mouth is couered with rude growing briers,
Vpon whose leaues are drops of new shed blood,
As fresh as morning dewe distild on flowers,
A very fatall place it seemes to mee,
Speake brother, hast thou hurt thee with the fall?
Martius. Oh brother, with the dismalst obiect hurt,
That euer eie with sight made hart lament.
Aron. Now will I fetch, the King to finde them heere,
That he thereby may haue a likely gesse,
How these were they that made away his brother. *Exit.*
Martius. Why doost not comfort me, and helpe me out
From this vnhollow, and blood stained hole.
Quintus. I am surprised with an vncouth feare,
A chilling sweat oreruns my trembling ioynts,
My hart suspects more then mine eye can see.
Mart. To proue thou hast a true diuining hart,
Aron and thou looke downe into this den,
And see a fearefull sight of blood and death.
Quintus. *Aron* is gone, and my compassionate hart,
Will not permit mine eyes once to behold,
The thing whereat it trembles by surmise:

Oh

Oh tell me who it is, for nere tell now,
Was I a child, to feare I know not what.
Martius. Lord *Bassianus* lies embrewed heere,
All on a heape like to a slaughtred Lambe,
In this detested darke blood drinking pit.
Quintus. If it be darke how doost thou know tis hee.
Martius. Vpon his bloody finger he doth weare
A precious ring, that lightens all this hole:
VVhich like a taper in some monument,
Doth shine vpon the dead mans earthy cheekes,
And shewes the ragged intrailes of this pit:
So pale did shine the Moone on Piramus,
VVhen he by night lay bath'd in Maiden blood,
O brother helpe me with thy fainting hand,
If feare hath made thee faint, as mee it hath.
Out of this fell deuouring receptacle,
As hatefull as *Ocitus* mistie mouth.
Quin. Reach me thy hand, that I may helpe thee out,
Or wanting strength to doe thee so much good,
I may be pluckt into the swallowing wombe,
Of this deepe pit, poore *Bassianus* graue:
I haue no strength to plucke thee to the brinck,
Martius. Nor I no strength to clime without thy helpe.
Quin. Thy hand once more, I will not loose againe,
Till thou art heere aloft, or I below:
Thou canst not come to me, I come to thee.

Enter the Emperour, and Aron the Moore.

Satur. Along with me, Ile see what hole is heere,
And what he is that now is leapt into it.
Say, who art thou that lately didst descend,
Into this gaping hollow of the earth.
Martius. The vnhappie sonne of old *Andronicus*,
Brought hither in a most vnluckie houre,

To

To finde thy brother *Bascianus* dead.
Saturnius. My brother dead, I know thou dost but ieſt,
He and his Lady both are at the Lodge,
Vpon the north ſide of this pleaſant chaſe,
Tis not an houre ſince I left them there.
Mart. We know not where you left them all aliue,
But out alas, heere haue we found him dead.

Enter Tamora, Andronicus, and Lucius.

Tamora. Where is my Lord the King?
King. Heere *Tamora*, though greeu'd with killing griefe.
Tamora. Where is thy brother *Bascianus?*
King. Now to the bottome dost thou ſearch my wound,
Poore *Bascianus* heere lies murthered.
Tamora. Then all too late I bring this fatall writ.
The complot of this timeleſſe Tragedy,
And wonder greatly that mans face can fold,
In pleaſing ſmiles ſuch murderons tyrannie.

She giueth Saturnine a Letter.

Saturninus reades the Letter.

And if we miſſe to meete him handſomly,
Sweet huntſman Baſcianus *tis we meane,*
Doe thou ſo much as dig the graue for him,
Thou know'ſt our meaning, looke for thy reward,
Among the Nettles at the Elder tree,
Which ouer-ſhades the mouth of that ſame pit,
Where we decreed to bury Baſcianus,
Doe this and purchaſe vs thy laſting friends.

King. Oh *Tamora* was euer heard the like,
This is the pit, and this the Elder tree,
Looke ſirs if you can finde the huntſman out,
That ſhould haue murthered *Bascianus* heere.
Aron. My gracious Lord heere is the bag of gold.

King.

King. Two of thy whelpes, fell curs of bloody kinde,
Haue here bereft my brother of his life:
Sirs drag them from the pit vnto the priſon,
There let them bide vntill we haue deuiſd
Some neuer heard of tortering paine for them.
Tamora. What are they in this pit, oh wondrous thing!
How eaſily murder is diſcouered.
Titus. High Emperour, vpon my feeble knee,
I beg this boone, with teares not lightly ſhed,
That this fell fault of my accurſed ſonnes,
Accurſed, if the faultes be prou'd in them.
King. If it be prou'de, you ſee it is apparant,
Who found this letter, *Tamora* was it you?
Tamora. *Andronicus* himſelfe did take it vp.
Titus. I did my Lord, yet let me be their baile,
For by my Fathers reuerent tombe I vow
They ſhall be ready at your Highnes will,
To aunſwere theyr ſuſpition with theyr liues.
King. Thou ſhalt not baile them, ſee thou follow me.
Some bring the murthered body, ſome the murtherers,
Let them not ſpeake a word, the guilt is plaine,
For by my ſoule, were there worſe end then death,
That end vpon them ſhould be executed.
Tamora. *Andronicus* I will intreat the King,
Feare not thy ſonnes, they ſhall doe well enough.
Titus. Come *Lucius* come, ſtay not to talke with them.

Enter the Empreſſe ſonnes, with Lauinia, her handes cut off, & her tongue cut out, and rauiſht.

Demet. So now goe tell and if thy tongue can ſpeake,
Who twas that cut thy tongue and rauiſht thee.
Chiron. Write downe thy minde, bewray thy meaning ſo,
And if thy ſtumpes will let thee play the ſcribe.
Demet. See how with ſignes & tokens ſhe can ſcrowle.
Chiron. Goe home, call for ſweet water, waſh thy hands.

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Deme. Shee hath no tongue to call, nor hands to wash,
And so lets leaue her to her silent walkes.
Chiron. And twere my cause, I should goe hang my selfe.
Demet. If thou hadst hands to help thee knit the cord.

Enter Marcus from hunting.

Who is this, my Neece that flies away so fast,
Cosen a word, where is your husband:
If I doe dreame would all my wealth would wake me.
If I doe wake, some Planet strike me downe,
That I may slumber in eternall sleepe.
Speake gentle Neece, what sterne vngentle hands,
Hath lopt, and hewde, and made thy body bare,
Of her two branches those sweet ornaments
Whose circling shadowes, Kings haue sought to sleepe in,
And might not gaine so great a happines
As halfe thy loue: Why doost not speake to me?
Alas, a crimson riuer of warme blood,
Like to a bubling Fountaine stird with winde,
Doth rise and fall betweene thy Rosed lips,
Comming and going with thy honnie breath.
But sure some *Tereus* hath defloured thee,
And least thou shouldst detect them, cut thy tongue.
Ah now thou turnst away thy face for shame,
And notwithstanding all this losse of blood,
As from a Conduit with theyr issuing spouts,
Yet doe thy cheekes looke red as *Titans* face,
Blushing to be encountred with a clowde.
Shall I speake for thee, shall I say tis so.
Oh that I knew thy hart, and knew the beast,
That I might raile at him to ease my minde.
Sorrow concealed, like an Ouen stopt,
Doth burne the hart to cinders where it is.
Faire *Philomela*, why she but lost her tongue,
And in a tedious sampler sowed her minde.

But louely Neece, that meane is cut from thee,
A craftier *Tereus*, Cosen hast thou met,
And he hath cut those pretty fingers off,
That could haue better sowed then *Philomel*.
Oh had the monster seene those Lilly hands,
Tremble like Aspen leaues vpon a Lute,
And make the silken strings delight to kisse them,
He would not then haue toucht them for his life.
Or had he heard the heauenly Harmony,
Which that sweete tongue hath made:
He would haue dropt his knife and fell a sleepe,
As *Cerberus* at the Thracian Poets feete.
Come let vs goe, and make thy Father blind,
For such a sight will blind a Fathers eye.
One houres storme wil drowne the fragrant meades,
What will whole months of teares thy Fathers eyes?
Doe not draw backe, for we will mourne with thee,
Oh could our mourning ease thy misery. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Iudges and Senatours with Titus two sonnes bound, passing on the Stage to the place of execution, and Titus going before pleading.

Titus. Heare me graue Fathers, noble Tribunes stay,
For pitty of mine age, whose youth was spent
In dangerous warres, whilst you securely slept.
For all my blood in Romes great quarrell shed,
For all the frosty nights that I haue watcht,
And for these bitter teares which now you see,
Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheekes,
Be pittifull to my condemned Sonnes,
Whose soules is not corrupted as tis thought.
For two and twenty Sonnes I neuer wept,
Because they died in honours lofty bed,

Andronicus lieth downe, and the Iudges passe by him.

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For these, Tribunes, in the dust I write
My harts deepe languor, and my soules sad teares:
Let my teares stanch the earths drie appetite,
My sonnes sweet blood will make it shame and blush:
O earth, I will befriend thee more with raine
That shall distill from these two antient ruines,
Than youthfull Aprill shall with all his showres.
In Sommers drought, Ile drop vpon thee still,
In Winter with warme teares Ile melt the snow,
And keepe eternall spring time on thy face,
So thou refuse to drinke my deere sonnes blood.

Enter Lucius, with his weapon drawne.

Oh reuerent Tribunes, oh gentle aged men
Vnbinde my sonnes, reuerse the doome of death,
And let me say, (that neuer wept before)
My teares are now preuailing Oratours.

Lucius. Oh noble Father, you lament in vaine,
The Tribunes heare you not, no man is by,
And you recount your sorrowes to a stone.

Titus. Ah *Lucius*, for thy brothers let me plead,
Graue *Tribunes*, once more I intreate of you.

Lucius. My gracious Lord, no Tribune heares you speak.

Titus. Why tis no matter man, if they did heare
They would not marke me, or if they did marke,
They would not pitty me, yet pleade I must,
And bootlesse vnto them.
Therefore I tell my sorrowes to the stones,
Who though they cannot answere my distresse,
Yet in some sort they are better then the Trybunes,
For that they will not intercept my tale:
When I doe weepe, they humblie at my feete
Receiue my teares, and seeme to weepe with me,
And were they but attired in graue weedes,
Rome could afford no Tribune like to these:

A stone is soft as waxe, *Tribunes* more hard than stones:
A stone is silent, and offendeth not,
And *Tribunes* with their tongues doome men to death.
But wherefore stand'st thou with thy weapon drawne?

Lucius. To rescue my two brothers from their death,
For which attempt the Iudges haue pronounst,
My euerlasting doome of banishment.

Titus. O happy man, they haue befriended thee:
Why foolish *Lucius*, dost thou not perceaue
That *Rome* is but a wildernes of Tygers?
Tygers must pray, and *Rome* affords no pray
But me and mine, how happy art thou then,
From these deuourers to be banished.
But who comes with our brother *Marcus* heere?

Enter Marcus with Lauinia.

Marcus. *Titus*, prepare thy aged eyes to weepe,
Or if not so, thy noble hart to breake:
I bring consuming sorrow to thine age.

Titus. Will it consume me? Let me see it then.

Marcus. This was thy Daughter.

Titus. Why *Marcus* so she is.

Lucius. Aye me, this Obiect kils me.

Titus. Faint-harted-boy, arise and looke vpon her,
Speake *Lauinia*, what accursed hand,
Hath made thee handlesse in thy Fathers sight?
What foole hath added water to the Sea?
Or brought a faggot to bright burning Troy?
My griefe was at the height before thou camst,
And now like *Nylus* it disdaineth bounds.
Giue me a sword, ile chop off my hands too,
For they haue fought for *Rome*, and all in vaine:
And they haue nurst this woe, in feeding life:
In bootlesse prayer haue they beene held vp,
And they haue seru'd me to effectlesse vse.

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Now all the seruice I require of them,
Is that the one will helpe to cut the other.
Tis well *Lauinia* that thou hast no handes,
For handes to doe Rome seruice, is but vaine.
Lucius. Speake gentle sister, who hath martred thee.
Marcus. Oh that delightfull engine of her thoughts,
That blabd them with such pleasing eloquence.
Is torne from forth that prettie hollow cage,
Where like a sweet mellodious bird it sung,
Sweet varied notes inchaunting euery eare.
Lucius. Oh say thou for her, who hath done this deede?
Marcus. Oh thus I found her straying in the Parke,
Seeking to hide herselfe as doth the Deare
That hath receaude some vnrecuring wound.
Titus. It was my Deare, and he that wounded her,
Hath hurt me more then had he kild me dead:
For now I stand as one vpon a Rock,
Inuirond with a wildernes of Sea,
Who markes the waxing tide, grow waue by waue,
Expecting euer when some enuious surge,
Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.
This way to death my wretched sonnes are gone,
Here stands my other sonne, a banisht man,
And heere my brother weeping at my woes:
But that which giues my soule the greatest spurne,
Is deere *Lauinia*, deerer than my soule.
Had I but seene thy picture in this plight,
It would haue madded me: what shall I doe,
Nowe I behold thy liuely body so?
Thou hast no hands to wipe away thy teares,
Nor tongue to tell me who hath martred thee:
Thy husband he is dead, and for his death
Thy brothers are condemnde, and dead by this.
Looke *Marcus*, ah sonne *Lucius* looke on her,

When I did name her brothers, then fresh teares
Stoode on her cheekes, as doth the honny dew,
Vpon a gathred Lillie almost withered. (husband,
Marcus. Perchance she weepes because they kild her
Perchance, because shee knowes them innocent.
Titus. If they did kill thy husband then be ioyfull,
Because the Law hath tane reuenge on them.
No, no, they would not doe so foule a deede,
Witnes the sorrow that their sister makes.
Gentle *Lauinia*, let me kisse thy lips,
Or make some signe how I may doe thee ease:
Shall thy good Vncle, and thy brother *Lucius*
And thou and I sit rounde about some Fountaine,
Looking all downewards to behold our cheekes
How they are staynde in Meadowes yet not drie,
With mierie slime left on them by a flood?
And in the Fountaine shall we gaze so long,
Till the fresh taste be taken from that cleerenes,
And made a brine pit with our bitter teares?
Or shall we cut away our hands like thine?
Or shall we bite our tongues, and in dombe showes
Passe the remainder of our hatefull dayes?
What shall we doe? let vs that haue our tongues
Plot some deuise of further miserie
To make vs wondred at in time to come.
Luci. Sweet father cease your teares, for at your greefe
See how my wretched sister sobs and weepes.
Mar. Patience deere Neece, good *Titus* dry thine eyes.
Titus. Ah *Marcus*, *Marcus*, Brother well I wote,
Thy napkin cannot drinke a teare of mine,
For thou poore man hast drownd it with thine owne.
Lucius. Ah my *Lauinia*, I will wipe thy cheekes.
Titus. Marke *Marcus*, marke, I vnderstand her signes,
Had she a tongue to speake, now would she say

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That to her brother, which I said to thee.
His Napkin with her true teares all bewet,
Can doe no seruice on her sorrowfull cheekes.
Oh what a simpathy of woe is this,
As farre from helpe, as Limbo is from blisse.

Enter Aron the Moore alone.

Moore. *Titus Andronicus*, my Lord the Emperour,
Sends thee this word, that if thou loue thy sonnes,
Let *Marcus*, *Lucius*, or thy selfe old *Titus*,
Or any one of you, chop off your hand
And send it to the King, he for the same,
Will send thee hither both thy sonnes aliue,
And that shall be the raunsome for their fault.
Titus. Oh gracious Emperour, oh gentle *Aron*,
Did euer Rauen sing so like a Larke,
That giues sweete tydings of the Sunnes vprise?
With all my hart, ile send the Emperour my hand,
Good *Aron* wilt thou helpe to chop it off?
Lucius. Stay Father, for that noble hand of thine,
That hath throwne downe so many enemies,
Shall not be sent: my hand will serue the turne,
My youth can better spare my blood than you,
And therefore mine shall saue my brothers liues.
Marcus. Which of your hands hath not defended Rome,
And reard aloft the bloody Battleaxe,
Wrighting destruction on the enemies Castle?
Oh none of both, but are of high desert:
My hand hath beene but idle, let it serue
To raunsome my two Nephewes from their death,
Then haue I kept it to a worthy end.
Moore. Nay come agree whose hand shall goe along,
For feare they die before their pardon come.
Marcus. My hand shall goe.
Lucius. By heauen it shall not goe.

Titus. Sirs striue no more, such withred hearbes as these
Are meete for plucking vp, and therefore mine.
Lucius. Sweet Father, if I shall be thought thy sonne,
Let me redeeme my brothers both from death.
Marcus. And for our fathers sake, and mothers care,
Now let me show a brothers loue to thee.
Titus. Agree betweene you, I will spare my hand.
Lucius. Then Ile goe fetch an Axe.
Marcus. But I will vse the Axe. *Exeunt.*
Titus. Come hether *Aron*, Ile deceiue them both,
Lend me thy hand, and I will giue thee mine.
Aron. If that be calde deceite, I will be honest,
And neuer whilst I liue deceiue men so:
But Ile deceiue you in another sort,
And that youle say ere halfe an houre passe.

Hee cuts off Titus *hand.*

Enter Lucius *and* Marcus *againe.*

Titus. Now stay your strife, what shal be is dispatcht:
Good *Aron* giue his Maiestie my hand,
Tell him it was a hand that warded him
From thousand dangers, bid him bury it,
More hath it merrited: that let it haue:
As for my sonnes, say I account of them,
As iewels purchast at an easie price,
And yet deere too, because I bought mine owne.
Aron. I goe *Andronicus*, and for thy hand,
Looke by and by to haue thy sonnes with thee.
Their heads I meane: Oh how this villanie,
Doth fat me with the very thoughts of it.
Let fooles doe good, and faire men call for grace,
Aron will haue his soule blacke, like his face. *Exit.*

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Titus. O here I lift this one hand vp to heauen,
And bow this feeble ruine to the earth,
If any power pitties wretched teares,
To that I call: what would thou kneele with me?
Doe then deere hart, for heauen shall heare our prayers,
Or with our sighs we'le breath the welkin dimme,
And staine the sunne with fogge, as sometime clowdes,
VVhen they doe hug him in their melting bosoms.
Marcus. Oh brother speake with possibilitie,
And doe not breake into these deepe extreames.
Titus. Is not my sorrow deepe hauing no bottome?
Then be my passions bottomlesse with them.
Marcus. But yet let reason gouerne thy lament.
Titus. If there were reason for these miseries,
Then into limits could I binde my woes:
When heauen doth weepe, doth not the earth oreflow?
If the windes rage, doth not the sea waxe mad,
Threatning the vvelkin with his bigswolne face?
And wilt thou haue a reason for this coile?
I am the sea. Harke how her sighes doe flow:
Shee is the weeping welkin, I the earth:
Then must my sea be moued with her sighes,
Then must my earth with her continuall teares,
Become a deluge: ouerflowed and drowned:
For why, my bowels cannot hide her woes,
But like a drunkard must I vomit them.
Then giue me leaue, for loosers will haue leaue,
To ease theyr stomacks with theyr bitter tongues.

Enter a messenger with two heads and a hand.

Messeng. Worthy *Andronicus*, ill art thou repaid,
For that good hand thou sentst the Emperour:
Here are the heads of thy two noble sonnes.

And heres thy hand in scorne to thee sent backe:
Thy griefe theyr sports: Thy resolution mockt:
That woe is me to thinke vpon thy woes,
More than remembrance of my fathers death. *Exit.*
Marcus. Now let hote Ætna coole in Cycilie,
And be my hart an euer-burning hell:
These miseries are more then may be borne.
To weepe with them that weepe, doth ease some deale,
But sorrow flouted at, is double death.
Lucius. Ah that this sight should make so deep a wound,
And yet detested life not shrinke thereat:
That euer death should let life beare his name,
Where life hath no more interest but to breath.
Marcus. Alas poore hart, that kisse is comfortlesse,
As frozen water to a starued snake.
Titus. When will this fearefull slumber haue an end?
Marcus. Now farewell flattery, die *Andronicus*,
Thou doost not slumber, see thy two sonnes heads,
Thy warlike hand, thy mangled daughter heere:
Thy other banisht sonne with this deere sight
Strucke pale and bloodlesse, and thy brother I,
Euen like a stony image, cold and numme.
Ah now no more will I controwle my griefes,
Rent off thy siluer haire, thy other hande
Gnawing with thy teeth, and be this dismall sight
The closing vp of our most wretched eyes:
Now is a time to storme, why art thou still?
Titus. Ha, ha, ha.
Marcus. Why dost thou laugh? it fits not with this houre.
Titus. Why I haue not another teare to shed;
Besides, this sorrow is an enemie,
And would vsurpe vpon my watry eyes,
And make them blinde with tributarie teares.
Then which way shall I finde Reuenges Caue.

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For these two heads doe seeme to speake to me,
And threat me, I shall neuer come to blisse,
Till all these mischiefes be returnd againe,
Euen in their throates that haue committed them.
Come let me see what taske I haue to doe,
You heauie people, circle me about.
That I may turne me to each one of you,
And sweare vnto my soule to right your wrongs,
The vowe is made, come Brother take a head,
And in this hand the other will I beare.
And *Lauinia* thou shalt be imployde in these Armes,
Beare thou my hand sweet wench betweene thy teeth:
As for thee boy, goe get thee from my sight,
Thou art an Exile, and thou must not stay,
Hie to the *Gothes*, and raise an armie there,
And if you loue me, as I thinke you doe,
Lets kisse and part, for we haue much to doe.

Exeunt.

Lucius. Farewell *Andronicus* my noble Father:
The wofulst man that euer liude in Rome:
Farewell proude Rome till *Lucius* come againe,
He loues his pledges dearer than his life:
Farewell *Lauinia* my noble sister,
O would thou wert as thou to fore hast beene,
But now nor *Lucius* nor *Lauinia* liues,
But in obliuion and hatefull greefes:
If *Lucius* liue, he will requite your wrongs,
And make proude *Saturnine* and his Empresse
Beg at the gates like *Tarquin* and his Queene.
Now will I to the *Gothes* and raise a power,
To be reuengd on Rome and *Saturnine*.

Exit Lucius.

Enter

Enter Lucius *sonne and* Lauinia *running after him, and the boy flies from her with his bookes vnder his arme.*

Enter Titus *and* Marcus.

Puer. Helpe Grandsier helpe, my *Aunt Lauinia*,
Followes me euery where, I know not why.
Good Vncle *Marcus* see how swift she comes,
Alas sweet aunt, I know not what you meane.
Mar. Stand by me *Lucius*, doe not feare thine aunt.
Titus. She loues thee boy too well to do thee harme.
Puer. I when my Father was in *Rome* she did.
Mar. What meanes my Neece Lauinia by these signes.
Titus. Feare her not Lucius, somewhat doth she meane.
See Lucius see, how much shee makes of thee:
Some whether would she haue thee goe with her.
Ah boy, *Cornelia* neuer with more care
Red to her sonnes than she hath red to thee,
Sweet Poetrie, and Tullies Oratour:
Canst thou not gesse wherefore shee plies thee thus.
Puer. My Lord, I know not I, nor can I gesse,
Vnlesse some fit or frenzie doe possesse her:
For I haue heard my Grandsier say full oft,
Extremitie of greeues would make men mad.
And I haue red that *Hecuba* of Troy,
Ran mad for sorrow, that made me to feare
Although my Lord, I know my noble Aunt,
Loues me as deare as ere my mother did,
And would not but in furie fright my youth,
Which made me downe to throw my bookes and flie,
Causelesse perhaps, but pardon me sweet Aunt,
And Madam, if my Vncle Marcus goe,

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I will most willingly attend your Ladyship.
Mar. *Lucius* I will.
Titus. How now *Lauinia*, *Marcus* what meanes this?
Some booke there is that shee desires to see:
Which is it gyrle of these, open them boy,
But thou art deeper read and better skild,
Come and take choyse of all my Librarie,
And so beguile thy sorrow, tell the heauens
Reueale the damn'd contriuer of this deede.
VVhy lifts she vp her armes in sequence thus?
Mar. I thinke she meanes that there were more than one
Confederate in the fact, I more there was:
Or else to heauen she heaues them for reuenge.
Titus. *Lucius* what booke is that she tosseth so?
Puer. Grandsier tis Ouids Metamorphosis,
My mother gaue it mee.
Mar. For loue of her thats gone,
Perhaps she culd it from among the rest.
Titus. Soft, so busilie shee turnes the leaues,
Helpe her, what would she finde? *Lauinia* shall I read?
This is the tragicke tale of *Philomel*,
And treates of *Tereus* treason and his rape,
And rape I feare was roote of thine annoy,
Mar. See brother see, note how she quotes the leaues,
Titus. *Lauinia*, wert thou thus surpriz'd sweet gyrle?
Rauisht and wrongd as *Philomela* was,
Forc'd in the ruthlesse, vast, and gloomie woods;
See, see, I such a place there is where we did hunt,
(O had we neuer, neuer hunted there)
Patternd by that the Poet here describes,
By nature made for murthers and for rapes,
Mar. O why should nature build so foule a den,
Vnlesse the Gods delight in tragedies,
Tit. Giue signes sweet girle, for here are none but friends,
VVhat

VVhat Romaine Lord it was durst doe the deede?
Or slonke not *Saturnine* as *Tarquin* erst,
That left the Campe to sinne in *Lucrece* bed.
Mar. Sit downe sweet Neece, brother sit downe by mee,
Appollo, *Pallas*, *Ioue*, or *Mercurie*,
Inspire me that I may thys treason finde,
My Lord looke heere, looke heere *Lauinia*,

He writes his Name with his staffe, and guides it with feete and mouth.

Thys sandie plot is plaine, guide if thou canst
This after mee, I haue writ my name,
VVithout the helpe of any hand at all.
Curst be that hart that forst vs to this shift:
Write thou good Neece, and heere display at last,
VVhat God will haue discouered for reuenge,
Heauen guide thy pen to print thy sorrowes plaine,
That we may know the traytors and the truth.

Shee takes the staffe in her mouth, and guides it with her stumps and writes.

Oh doe yee read my Lord what she hath writ,
Stuprum, *Chiron*, *Demetrius*.
Marcus. What, what, the lustfull sonnes of *Tamora*,
Performers of this haynous bloody deede.
Titus. *Magni Dominator poli*,
Tam lentus audis scelera, tam lentus vides?
Mar. Oh calme thee gentle Lord, although I know
There is enough written vpon this earth,
To stirre a mutinie in the mildest thoughts,
And arme the mindes of infants to exclaimes,
My Lord kneele downe with me, *Lauinia* kneele,
And

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And kneele sweet boy, the Romaine Hectors hope,
And sweare with me as with the wofull feere,
And father of that chast dishonoured Dame,
Lord *Iunius Brutus* sweare for *Lucrece* rape,
That we will prosecute by good aduice
Mortall reuenge vpon these trayterous Gothes,
And see their blood, or die with this reproch.
Titus. Tis sure enough, and you knew how,
But if you hunt these Beare whelpes, then beware,
The Dam will wake, and if shee winde you once,
Shee's with the Lion deepely still in league,
And luls him whilst shee plaieth on her back.
And when he sleepes, will she doe what she list.
You are a young huntsman *Marcus*, let alone,
And come I will goe get a leafe of brasse,
And with a gad of steele will write these words,
And lay it by: the angry Northen winde,
Will blow these sands like *Sibels* leaues abroade,
And vvheres you lesson then, boy what say you?
Puer. I say my Lord that if I were a man,
Their mothers bed-chamber should not be safe,
For these bad bond-men to the yoake of Rome.
Marcus. I thats my boy, thy father hath full oft,
For his vngratefull Country done the like.
Puer. And Vnckle, so will I, and if I liue.
Titus. Come goe with me into mine Armorie,
Lucius Ile fit thee, and withall my boy
Shall carrie from me to the Empresse sonnes,
Presents that I intend to send them both:
Come, come, thoult doe thy message wilt thou not?
Puer. I with my dagger in theyr bosomes Grandsier.
Titus. No boy not so, Ile teach thee another course,
Lauinia come, *Marcus* looke to my house,
Lucius and I'le goe braue it at the Court,

I marry will we sir, and weele be waited on. *Exeunt.*
Mar. O heauens, can you heare a good man grone
And not relent, or not compassion him?
Marcus attend him in his extasie,
That hath more scars of sorrow in his hart,
Than foe-mens markes vpon his battred shield,
But yet so iust, that he will not reuenge,
Reuenge the heauens for old *Andronicus.* *Exit.*

Enter Aron, Chiron, *and* Demetrius *at one doore, and at another doore young* Lucins *and another, with a bundle of weapons, and verses writ vpon them.*

Chiron. *Demetrius*, here's the sonne of *Lucius*,
He hath some message to deliuer vs.
Aron. I some mad message from his mad Grandfather.
Puer. My Lords, with all the humblenes I may,
I greete your Honours from *Andronicus*,
And pray the Romane Gods confound you both.
Demet. Gramarcie louely *Lucius*, what the newes.
Puer. That you are both discipherd, thats the newes,
For villaines markt with rape. May it please you,
My Grandsier well aduisde hath sent by me,
The goodliest weapons of his Armorie,
To gratefie your honourable youth
The hope of Rome, for so he bid me say:
And so I doe, and with his gifts present
Your Lordships, when euer you haue neede,
You may be armed and appointed well,
And so I leaue you both: Like bloody villaines. *Exit.*
Deme. What's here? a scrole, and written round about,
Lets' see,
Integer vitæ scelerisque purus, non eget mauri iaculis nec arcus.
Chiron. O tis a verse in *Horace* I know it well,

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I read it in the Grammer long agoe.
Aron. I iust, a verse in *Horace*, right you haue it,
Now what a thing it is to be an Asse.
Her's no sound iest, the old man hath found theyr gilt,
And sendes them weapons wrapt about with lines,
That wound beyond theyr feeling to the quick:
But were our wittie Empresse well a foote,
Shee would applaud *Andronicus* conceit,
But let her rest in her vnrest a while.
And now young Lords, wast not a happy starre,
Led vs to Rome strangers, and more than so
Captiues, to be aduanced to this height:
It did me good before the pallace gate,
To braue the Tribune in his bothers hearing.
Demet. But me more good to see so great a Lord,
Basely insinuate, and send vs gifts.
Aron. Had he not reason Lord *Demetrius*,
Did you not vse his daughter very friendly?
Demet. I would we had a thousand Romane Dames
At such a bay, by turne to serue our lust.
Chiron. A charitable wish, and full of loue.
Aron. Here lacks but your mother for to say Amen.
Chiron. And that would she for twentie thousand more.
Deme. Come let vs goe and pray to all the Gods
For our beloued mother in her paines.
Aron. Pray to the deuils, the gods haue giuen vs ouer.

Trumpets sound.

Dem. Why do the Emperors trumpets flourish thus?
Chiron. Belike for ioy the Emperour hath a sonne.
Deme. Soft, who comes heere.

Enter Nurse with a blacke a Moore child.

Nur. God morrow Lords, ô tell me did you see *Aron* the
Aron. Wel, more or lesse, or nere a whit at all, (Moore
Heere

Here *Aron* is, and what with *Aron* now?
Nurse. Oh gentle *Aron*, we are all vndone,
Now helpe, or woe betide thee euermore.
Aron. Why what a catterwaling doost thou keepe,
what doost thou wrap and fumble in thine armes?
Nurse. O that which I would hide from heauens eye,
Our Empresse shame, and stately Romes disgrace,
Shee is deliuered Lords, she is deliuered.
Aron. To whom.
Nurse. I meane she is brought a bed.
Aron. Well god giue her good rest, what hath hee sent (her?
Nurse. A deuill.
Aron. Why then she is the deuils Dam, a ioyfull issue,
Nurse. A ioyles, dismall, black, and sorrowfull issue,
Here is the babe as loathsome as a toade,
Amongst the fairefast breeders of our clime,
The Empresse sendes it thee, thy stampe, thy seale,
And bids thee christen it with thy daggers poynt.
Aron. Zounds ye whore, is blacke so base a hue?
Sweet blowse, you are a beautious blossome sure.
Deme. Villaine what hast thou done?
Aron. That which thou canst not vndoe.
Chiron. Thou hast vndone our mother.
Aron. Villaine, I haue done thy mother.
Deme. And therein hellish dog thou hast vndone her,
Woe to her chaunce, and damde her loathed choice,
Accurst the offspring of so foule a fiend.
Chiron. It shall not liue,
Aron. It shall not die.
Nurse. *Aron* it must, the mother wils it so.
Aron. What must it Nurse? then let no man but I.
Doe execution on my flesh and blood.
Dem. Ile broach the tadpole on my Rapiers poynt,
Nurse giue it me, my sword shall soone dispatch it.

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Aron. Sooner this sword shall plow thy bowels vp,
Stay murtherous villaines, will you kill your brother?
Now by the burning tapors of the skie,
That shone so brightly when this boy was got,
He dies vpon my Semitars sharpe point,
That touches this my first borne sonne and heire:
I tell you yonglings, not *Enceladus*,
With all his threatning band of *Typhons* broode,
Nor great *Alcides*, nor the God of warre,
Shall ceaze this pray out of his fathers hands:
What, what, yee sanguine shallow harted boies,
Yee white-limbde walls, ye ale-house painted signes,
Cole-blacke is better then another hue,
In that it scornes to beare another hue:
For all the water in the Ocean,
Can neuer turne the Swans blacke legs to white,
Although shee laue them howrely in the flood:
Tell the Empresse from me I am of age
To keepe mine owne, excuse it how she can.
Deme. Wilt thou betray thy noble Mistris thus.
Aron. My mistris is my mistris, this my selfe,
The vigour, and the picture of my youth:
This before all the world doe I preferre,
This mauger all the world will I keepe safe,
Or some of you shall smoake for it in Rome.
Deme. By this our mother is for euer shamde.
Chiron. Rome will despise her for this foule escape.
Nurse. The Emperour in his rage will doome her death.
Chiron. I blush to thinke vpon this ignomie.
Aron. Why there's the priuiledge your beautie beares:
Fie trecherous hue, that will betray with blushing
The close enacts and counsels of thy hart:
Heer's a young Lad framde of another leere,
Looke how the blacke slaue smiles vpon the father,

As who should say, old Lad I am thine owne.
He is your brother Lords, sensibly fed
Of that selfe blood that first gaue life to you,
And from your wombe where you imprisoned were,
He is infranchized, and come to light:
Nay he is your brother by the furer side,
Although my seale be stamped in his face.
Nurse. *Aron*, what shall I say vnto the Empresse.
Demetrius. Aduise thee *Aron*, what is to be done,
And we will all subscribe to thy aduise:
Saue thou the child, so we may all be safe.
Aron. Then sit we downe and let vs all consult,
My sonne and I will haue the wind of you:
Keepe there, now talke at pleasure of your safety.
Demetrius. How many women saw this child of his?
Aron. Why so braue Lords, when we ioyne in league
I am a Lambe, but if you braue the *Moore*,
The chafed Bore, the mountaine Lyonesse,
The Ocean swels not so as Aron stormes:
But say againe, how many saw the child.
Nurse. *Cornelia* the Midwife and my selfe,
And no one else but the deliuered Empresse.
Aron. The Empresse, the Midwife, and your selfe,
Two may keepe counsell when the third's away:
Goe to the Empresse, tell her this I said. *He kils her.*
Weeke, weeke, so cries a Pigge prepared to the spit.
Deme. What mean'st thou Aron, wherfore didst thou this?
Aron. O Lord sir, tis a deede of pollicie,
Shall she liue to betray this gilt of ours?
A long tongu'd babling Gossip, no Lords, no:
And now be it knowne to you my full intent.
Not farre, one *Muliteus* my Country-man
His wife but yesternight was brought to bed,
His child is like to her, faire as you are:

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Goe packe with him, and giue the mother gold,
And tell them both the circumstance of all,
And how by this their child shall be aduaunst,
And be receiued for the Emperours heyre,
And subſtituted in the place of mine,
To calme this tempeſt whirling in the Court,
And let the Emperour dandle him for his owne.
Harke yee Lords, you ſee I haue giuen her phiſick,
And you muſt needes beſtow her funerall,
The fieldes are neere, and you are gallant Groomes:
This done, ſee that you take no longer dayes
But ſend the Midwife preſently to me.
The Midwife and the Nurſe well made away.
Then let the Ladies tattle what they pleaſe.

Chiron. *Aron*, I ſee thou wilt not truſt the ayre with ſecrets.

Deme. For this care of *Tamora*,
Her ſelfe, and hers are highly bound to thee. *Exeunt.*

Aron. Now to the *Gothes*, as ſwift as ſwallow flies,
There to diſpoſe this treaſure in mine armes,
And ſecretly to greet the Empreſſe friendes:
Come on you thick-lipt-ſlaue, Ile beare you hence,
For it is you that puts vs to our ſhifts:
Ile make you feede on berries, and on rootes,
And feede on curds and whay, and ſucke the Goate,
And cabbin in a Caue, and bring you vp,
To be a warriour and commaund a Campe. *Exit.*

Enter Titus, *old* Marcus, *young* Lucius, *and other gentlemen with bowes, and* Titus *beares the arrowes with Letters on the endes of them.*

Titus. Come *Marcus*, come, kinſemen this is the way,
Sir boy let me ſee your archerie,
Looke yee draw home enough and tis there ſtraight,

Terras

Terras Aſtreà reliquit, be you remembred *Marcus*.
Shee's gone, ſhees fled, ſirs take you to your tooles,
You Coſens ſhall goe ſound the Ocean,
And caſt your nets, happily you may catch her in the ſea,
Yet ther's as little iuſtice as at Land:
No *Publius* and *Sempronius*, you muſt doe it,
Tis you muſt dig with mattocke and with ſpade,
And pierce the innoſt center of the earth,
Then when you come to *Plutoes* Region,
I pray you deliuer him this petition,
Tell him it is for iuſtice and for ayde,
And that it comes from olde *Andronicus*,
Shaken with ſorrowes in vngratefull Rome.
Ah Rome, well, well, I made thee miſerable,
What time I threw the peoples ſuffrages
On him that thus doth tyrrannize ore mee.
Goe get you gone, and pray be carefull all,
And leaue you not a man of warre vnſearcht,
This wicked Emperour may haue ſhipt her hence,
And kinſemen then we may goe pipe for iuſtice.

Marcus. O *Publius*, is not this a heauie caſe
To ſee thy noble Vnkle this diſtract?

Publius. Therfore my Lords it highly vs concernes,
By day and night t'attend him carefully:
And feede his humour kindly as we may,
Till time beget ſome carefull remedie.

Marcus. Kinſmen, his ſorrowes are paſt remedie.
Ioyne with the Gothes, and with reuengefull warre,
Take wreake on Rome for this ingratitude,
And vengeance on the traytour *Saturnine*.

Titus. *Publius* how now, how now my Maiſters,
What haue you met with her?

Publius. No my good Lord, but *Pluto* ſends you word,
If you will haue reuenge from hell you ſhall,

Marrie

Marrie for Iuſtice ſhe is ſo imployd,
He thinks with *Ioue* in heauen, or ſome where elſe,
So that perforce you muſt needs ſtay a time.
Titus. He doth me wrong to feede me with delayes,
Ile diue into the burning lake below,
And pull her out of Acaron by the heeles.
Marcus we are but ſhrubs, no Cedars we,
No big-bond-men fram'd of the Cyclops ſize,
But mettall *Marcus*, ſteele to the very backe,
Yet wrung with wrongs more than our backs can beare:
And ſith there's no iuſtice in earth nor hell,
We will ſollicite heauen and moue the Gods,
To ſend downe Iuſtice for to wreake our wrongs:
Come to this geare, you are a good Archer *Marcus*,

He giues them the Arrowes.

Ad Iouem, that's for you, here *ad Apollonem*,
Ad Martem, that's for my ſelfe,
Here boy to *Pallas*, here to *Mercury*,
To *Saturnine*, to *Caius*, not to *Saturnine*,
You were as good to ſhoote againſt the wind.
To it boy, *Marcus* looſe when I bid,
Of my word I haue written to effect,
There's not a God left vnſollicited.
Marcus. Kindſmen, ſhoot all your ſhafts into the Court,
We will afflict the Emperour in his pride.
Titus. Now Maiſters draw, oh well ſaid *Lucius*,
Good boy in *Virgoes* lap, giue it *Pallas*.
Marcus. My Lord, I aime a mile beyond the Moone,
Your letter is with *Iupiter* by this.
Titus. Ha, ha, *Publius*, *Publius*, what haſt thou done?
See, ſee, thou haſt ſhot off one of *Taurus* hornes.
Marcus. This was the ſport my Lord, when *Publius* ſhot,
The Bull being gald, gaue *Aries* ſuch a knocke,
That downe fell both the Rams hornes in the Court,

And who ſhould finde them but the Empreſſe villaine?
Shee laught, and tolde the Moore he ſhould not chooſe
But giue them to his maiſter for a preſent.
Titus. VVhy there it goes, God giue his Lordſhip ioy.

Enter the Clowne with a basket and two pidgions in it.

Titus. Newes, newes from heauen,
Marcus the poaſt is come.
Sirra what tydings, haue you any letters,
Shall I haue iuſtice, what ſayes *Iupiter*?
Clowne. Ho the Iebbetmaker? hee ſayes that hee hath taken them downe againe, for the man muſt not be hangd till the next weeke.
Titus. But what ſayes *Iupiter* I aske thee?
Clowne. Alas ſir, I know not *Iupiter*?
I neuer dranke with him in all my life.
Titus. Why villaine, art not thou the Carrier?
Clowne. I of my pidgions ſir, nothing els.
Titus. VVhy, didſt thou not come from heauen?
Clowne. From heauen, alas ſir, I neuer came there,
God forbid I ſhould bee ſo bolde, to preſſe to heauen in my young dayes.
Why I am going with my pidgeons to the tribunall Plebs, to take vp a matter of brawle betwixt my Vncle, and one of the Emperialls men.
Marcus. Why ſir, that is as fit as can be to ſerue for your Oration, and let him deliuer the pidgeons to the Emperour from you.
Titus. Tell mee, can you deliuer an Oration to the Emperour with a grace.
Clowne. Nay truely ſir, I coulde neuer ſay grace in all my life.
Titus. Sirra come hither, make no more adoe,

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But giue your Pidgions to the Emperour,
By me thou shalt haue iustice at his hands,
Hold, hold, meane while here's money for thy charges,
Giue me pen and inke.
Sirra, can you with a grace deliuer a Supplication?

Clowne. I sir.

Titus. Then here is a Supplication for you, and when you come to him, at the first approch you must kneele, then kisse his foote, then deliuer vp your Pidgions, and then looke for your rewarde. Ile be at hand sir, see you doe it brauelie.

Clowne. I warrant you sir, let mee alone.

Titus. Sirra hast thou a knife? Come let me see it.
Here *Marcus*, fold it in the Oration,
For thou hast made it like an humble Suppliant.
And when thou hast giuen it to the Emperour,
Knocke at my doore, and tell me what he sayes.

Clowne. God be with you sir, I will. *Exit.*

Titus. Come *Marcus* let vs goe, *Publius* follow me.

Exeunt.

Enter Emperour and Empresse, and her two sonnes, the Emperour brings the Arrowes in his hand that Titus shot at him.

Satur. Why Lordes what wrongs are these, was euer seene,
An Emperour in Rome thus ouer-borne,
Troubled, confronted thus, and for the extent
Of egall iustice, vsde in such contempt.
My Lords you know the mightfull Gods,
How euer these disturbers of our peace
Buz in the peoples eares, there nought hath past,
But euen with law against the wilfull sonnes

Of old *Andronicus*. And what and if
His sorrowes haue so ouerwhelmde his wits?
Shall we be thus afflicted in his wreakes,
His fits, his frenzie, and his bitternes?
And now he writes to heauen for his redresse,
See here's to *Ioue*, and this to *Mercurie*,
This to *Apollo*, this to the God of warre:
Sweet scrowles to flie about the streets of Rome,
Whats this but libelling against the Senate,
And blazoning our vniustice euery where,
A goodly humor, is it not my Lords?
As who would say, in Rome no iustice were.
But if I liue, his fained extasies
Shall be no shelter to these outrages,
But he and his shall know that iustice liues
In *Saturninus* health, whom if he sleepe,
Hele so awake, as he in furie shall,
Cut off the proud'st conspiratour that liues.

Tamora. My gracious Lord, my louely *Saturnine*,
Lord of my life, commaunder of my thoughts,
Calme thee, and beare the faults of *Titus* age,
Th'effects of sorrow for his valiant sonnes,
Whose losse hath pearst him deepe, and skard his hart,
And rather comfort his distressed plight,
Than prosecute the meanest or the best
For these contempts: Why thus it shall become
Hie witted *Tamora* to glose with all,
But *Titus* I haue touched thee to the quick,
Thy life blood out: if *Aron* now be wise,
Then is all safe, the Anchor in the port.

Enter Clowne.

How now good fellow, wouldst thou speake with vs?

Clowne. Yea forsooth, & your Mistership be Emperiall.

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Tamora. Empresse I am, but yonder sits the *Emperour.*
Clowne. Tis he, God and Saint Stephen giue you godden,
I haue brought you a letter and a couple of pidgions heere.

Hee reades the Letter.

Satur. Goe take him away, and hang him presently?
Clowne. How much money must I haue.
Tamora. Come sirra you must be hanged.
Clowne. Hangd be Lady, then I haue brought vp a necke to a faire end.

Exit.

Satur. Dispightfull and intollerable wrongs,
Shall I endure this monstrous villanie?
I know from whence this same deuise proceedes.
May this be borne, as if his trayterous sonnes,
That dyde by law for murther of our brother,
Haue by my meanes been butchered wrongfully.
Goe dragge the villaine hither by the haire,
Nor age, nor honour, shall shape priuiledge,
For this proude mocke, Ile be thy slaughter man,
Sly franticke wretch, that holpst to make me great,
In hope thy selfe should gouerne Rome and mee.

Enter Nuntius Emillius.

Satur. What newes with thee *Emillius?*
Emillius. Arme my Lords, Rome neuer had more cause,
The Gothes haue gathered head, and with a power
Of high resolued men, bent to the spoyle,
They hither march amaine, vnder conduct
Of *Lucius*, sonne to old *Andronicus*,
Who threates in course of this reuenge to doe

As much as euer *Coriolanus* did.
King. Is warlike *Lucius* Generall of the *Gothes*,
These tydings nip me, and I hang the head
As flowers with frost, or grasse beate downe with stormes:
Now begins our sorrowes to approach,
Tis he the common people loue so much,
My selfe hath often heard them say,
When I haue walked like a priuate man,
That *Lucius* banishment was wrongfully,
And they haue wisht that *Lucius* were their Emperour.
Tamora. Why should you feare, is not your Citty strong?
King. I but the Cittizens fauour *Lucius*,
And will reuolt from me to succour him.
Tamora. King, be thy thoughts imperious like thy name.
Is the Sunne dimd, that Gnats doe flie in it,
The Eagle suffers little birds to sing,
And is not carefull what they meane thereby,
Knowing that with the shadow of his wings,
He can at pleasure stint their melody.
Euen so mayest thou the giddy men of Rome,
Then cheare thy spirit, for know thou Emperour,
I will enchaunt the old *Andronicus*,
With words more sweet and yet more dangerous
Then baites to fish, or honey stalks to sheepe,
When as the one is wounded with the baite,
The other rotted with delicious seede.
King. But he will not intreate his sonne for vs.
Tamora. If *Tamora* intreate him than he will,
For I can smooth and fill his aged eares,
With golden promises, that were his hart
Almost impregnable, his old yeares deafe,
Yet should both eare and hart obay my tongue.
Goe thou before to be our Embassadour,
Say that the Emperour requests a parly,

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Of warlike *Lucius*, and appoint the meeting,
Euen at his Fathers house the old *Andronicus*.
King. *Emilius* doe this message honourably,
And if he stand in hostage for his safety,
Bid him demaund what pledge will please him best.
Emilius. Your bidding shall I doe effectually.

Exit.

Tamora. Now will I to that old *Andronicus*,
And temper him with all the Art I haue,
To plucke proud *Lucius* from the warlike *Gothes*.
And now sweet Emperour be blith againe,
And bury all thy feare in my deuises.
Saturnine. Then goe successantly and pleade to him.

Exeunt.

Enter Lucius with an Armie of Gothes, with Drums and Souldiers.

Lucius. Approued warriers, and my faithfull friends,
I haue receaued letters from great Rome,
Which signifies what hate they beare their Emperour,
And how desirous of our sight they are.
Therefore great Lords be as your titles witnes,
Imperious, and impatient of your wrongs,
And wherein Rome hath done you any skath,
Let him make treble satisfaction.
Goth. Braue slip sprung from the great *Andronicus*,
Whose name was once our terrour, now our comfort,
Whose high exploits and honourable deeds,
Ingratefull Rome requites with foule contempt,
Be bold in vs weele follow where thou leadst,
Like stinging Bees in hottest Sommers day,
Led by their Maister to the flowred fields,
And be aduengd on cursed *Tamora*:

And as he saith, so say we all with him.
Lucius. I humbly thanke him and I thank you all,
But who comes heere led by a lusty *Goth*?

Enter a Goth leading of Aron with his child in his armes.

Goth. Renowmed *Lucius* from our troups I straid,
To gaze vpon a ruinous Monasterie,
And as I earnestly did fixe mine eye,
Vpon the wasted building suddainly,
I heard a child cry vnderneath a wall,
I made vnto the noise, when soone I heard,
The crying babe controld with this discourse:
Peace tawny slaue, halfe me, and halfe thy dam,
Did not thy hue bewray whose brat thou art,
Had nature lent thee but thy mothers looke,
Villaine thou mightst haue beene an Emperour.
But where the Bull and Cow are both milke white,
They neuer doe beget a cole-blacke Calfe:
Peace villaine peace, euen thus he rates the babe,
For I must beare thee to a trusty *Goth*,
Who when he knowes thou art the Empresse babe,
Will hold thee dearely for thy mothers sake.
With this my weapon drawne I rusht vpon him
Surprizd him suddainly, and brought him hither
To vse as you thinke needfull of the man.
Lucius. Oh worthy *Goth*, this is the incarnate deuill,
That robd *Andronicus* of his good hand,
This is the Pearle that pleasd your Empresse eye,
And here's the base fruite of her burning lust,
Say wall-eyd slaue whither wouldst thou conuay,
This growing Image of thy fiendlike face,
Why doost not speake? what deafe, not a word?

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A halter Souldiers, hang him on this tree,
And by his side his fruite of Bastardie.
Aron. Touch not the boy, he is of Royall blood.
Lucius. Too like the sier for euer being good,
First hang the child that he may see it sprall,
A sight to vexe the Fathers soule withall.
Aron. Get me a ladder, *Lucius* saue the child,
And beare it from me to the Empresse:
If thou doe this, ile shew thee wondrous things,
That highly may aduantage thee to heare,
If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,
Ile speake no more, but vengeance rot you all.
Lucius. Say on, and if it please me which thou speakst,
Thy child shall liue, and I will see it nourisht.
Aron. And if it please thee? why assure thee *Lucius*,
Twill vexe thy soule to heare what I shall speake:
For I must talke of murthers, rapes, and massacres,
Acts of black night, abhominable deeds,
Complots of mischiefe, treason, villanies,
Ruthfull to heare, yet pitteously performd,
And this shall all be buried in my death,
Vnlesse thou sweare to me my child shall liue.
Lucius. Tell on thy mind, I say thy child shall liue.
Aron. Sweare that he shall, and then I will begin,
Lucius. Who should I sweare by, thou beleeuest no God,
That graunted, how canst thou beleeue an oath.
Aron. What if I doe not, as indeede I doe not,
Yet for I know thou art religious,
And hast a thing within thee called conscience,
With twenty popish tricks and ceremonies,
Which I haue seene thee carefull to obserue,
Therefore I vrge thy oath, for that I know,
An Ideot holds his bauble for a God,
And keepes the oath which by that God he sweares,

To that I'le vrge him: therefore thou shalt vow
By that same God, what God so ere it be
That thou adorest, and hast in reuerence,
To saue my boy, to nourish and bring him vp,
Or else I will discouer nought to thee.
Lucius. Euen by my God I sweare to thee I will.
Aron. First know thou, I begot him on the Empresse,
Lucius. Oh most insatiate and luxurious woman.
Aron. Tut *Lucius*, this was but a deede of charitie,
To that which thou shalt heare of me anon,
Twas her two sonnes that murdered *Bassianus*,
They cut thy sisters tongue and rauisht her,
And cut her hands, and trimd her as thou sawest.
Lucius. Oh detestable villaine, call'st thou that trimming.
Aron. Why she was washt, and cut, and trimd,
And twas trim sport for them that had the dooing of it.
Lucius. Oh barberous beastly villaines like thy selfe.
Aron. Indeed I was their tutor to instruct them,
That codding spirit had they from theyr mother,
As sure a carde as euer wone the set:
That bloody minde I thinke they learnd of me,
As true a dog as euer fought at head:
VVell, let my deedes be witnes of my worth,
I traynde thy brethren to that guilefull hole,
Where the dead corps of *Bassianus* lay:
I wrote the Letter that thy Father found,
And hid the gold within the Letter mentioned,
Confederate with the Queene, and her two sonnes.
And what not done, that thou hast cause to rue,
Wherein I had no stroke of mischiefe in it,
I playd the cheater for thy Fathers hand,
And when I had it, drew my selfe a part,
And almost broke my hart with extreame laughter,
I pried me through the creuie of a wall,

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VVhen for his hand he had his two sonnes heads,
Beheld his teares, and laught so hartily,
That both mine eyes were rainie like to his:
And when I told the Empresse of thys sport,
Shee sounded almost at my pleasing tale,
And for my tydings gaue me twenty kisses.

Goth.

VVhat canst thou say all this, and neuer blush.

Aron.

I like a blacke dogge as the saying is.

Lucius.

Art thou not sorry for these hainous deedes.

Aron.

I that I had not doone a thousand more,
Euen now I curse the day, and yet I thinke
Few come within the compasse of my curse,
Wherein I did not some notorious ill,
As kill a man, or else deuise his death,
Rauish a mayde, or plot the way to doe it,
Accuse some innocent, and forsweare my selfe,
Set deadly enmitie betweene two friends,
Make poore mens cattle breake theyr necks,
Set fire on Barnes and haystakes in the night,
And bid the owners quench them with their teares:
Oft haue I digd vp dead men from theyr graues,
And set them vpright at their deere friends doore,
Euen when their sorrowes almost was forgot,
And on theyr skinnes, as on the barke of trees,
Haue with my knife carued in Romaine letters,

Let not your sorrow die, though I am dead.
Tut, I haue done a thousand dreadfull thinges
As willingly as one would kill a flie,
And nothing greeues me hartily indeede,
But that I cannot doe tenne thousand more.

Lucius. Bring downe the deuill, for he must not die
So sweet a death as hanging presently.

Aron. If there be deuils, would I were a deuill,
To liue and burne in euerlasting fire,
So I might haue your company in hell
But to torment you with my bitter tongue.

Lucius. Sirs stop his mouth, and let him speake no more.

Enter Emilius.

Goth. My Lord there is a messenger from Rome
Desires to be admitted to your presence.

Lucius. Let him come neere.
VVelcome *Emilius*, what's the newes from Rome?

Emil. Lord *Lucius*, and you Princes of the Gothes,
The Romaine Emperour greets you all by mee,
And for he vnderstands you are in Armes,
He craues a parley at your Fathers house
Willing you to demaund your hostages,
And they shall be immediatly deliuered.

Goth. What sayes our Generall?

Lucius. *Emilius*, let the Emperour giue his pledges
Vnto my Father, and my Vncle *Marcus*,
And we will come, march away.

Enter Tamora, and her two sonnes disguised.

Tamora. Thus in this strange and sad habillament,
I will encounter with *Andronicus*.

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And say, I am Reuenge sent from below,
To ioyne with him and right his hainous wrongs,
Knocke at his study where they say he keepes,
To ruminate strange plots of diere Reuenge,
Tell him Reuenge is come to ioyne with him,
And worke confusion on his enemies.

They knocke and Titus opens his studie doore.

Titus. Who doth molest my contemplation?
Is it your tricke to make me ope the dore,
That so my sad decrees may flie away,
And all my study be to no effect.
You are deceau'd, for what I meane to doe,
See heere in bloody lines I haue set downe.
And what is written shall be executed.
Tamora. *Titus*, I am come to talke with thee.
Titus. No not a word, how can I grace my talke,
Wanting a hand to giue that accord,
Thon hast the ods of me therefore no more. (me.
Tamora. If thou didst knowe me thou wouldst talke with
Titus. I am not mad, I know thee well enough,
Wi nes this wretched stump, witnes these crimson lines,
Witnes these trenchers made by griefe and care,
Witnes the tyring day and heauy night,
Witnes all sorrow that I know thee well
For our proud Empresse, mighty *Tamora*:
Is not thy comming for my other hand.
Tamora. Know thou sad man, I am not *Tamora*,
Shee is thy enemie, and I thy friend,
I am Reuenge sent from th'infernall Kingdome,
To ease the gnawing vulture of thy mind,
By working wreakefull vengeane on thy foes:

Come

Come downe and welcome me to this worlds light,
Conferre with me of murder and of death,
There's not a hollow Caue or lurking place,
No vast obscurity or misty vale,
Where bloody murther or detested rape,
Can couch for feare but I will finde them out,
And in their eares tell them my dreadfull name,
Reuenge which makes the foule offender quake.
Titus. Art thou Reuenge? and art thou sent to me,
To be a torment to thine enemies.
Tamora. I am, therefore come downe and welcome me?
Titus. Doe me some seruice ere I come to thee,
Loe by thy side where Rape and Murder stands,
Now giue some surance that thou art Reuenge,
Stab them, or teare them on thy Chariot wheeles,
And then ile come and be thy Waggoner,
And whirle along with thee about the Globes.
Prouide thee two proper Palfrayes, black as Iet,
To hale thy vengefull Waggon swift away,
And finde out murder in their guilty cares.
And when thy Car is loaden with their heads,
I will dismount, and by the Waggon wheele,
Trot like a seruile footeman all day long,
Euen from *Epeons* rising in the East,
Vntill his very downfall in the Sea.
And day by day ile doe this heauy taske,
So thou destroy Rapine and Murder there.
Tamora. These are my ministers and come with me.
Titus. Are them thy ministers, what are they call'd?
Tamora. Rape and Murder, therefore called so,
Cause they take vengeance of such kind of men.
Titus. Good Lord how like the Empresse Sonnes they are,
And you the Empresse, but we worldly men
Haue miserable mad mistaking eyes:

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Oh sweet Reuenge, now doe I come to thee,
And if one armes imbracement will content thee,
I will imbrace thee in it by and by.
Tamora. This closing with him fits his Lunacie,
What ere I forge to feede his braine-sicke fits,
Doe you vphold, and maintaine in your speeches,
For now he firmely takes me for Reuenge,
And being credulous in this mad thought,
Ile make him send for *Lucius* his sonne,
And whilst I at a banquet hold him sure,
Ile finde some cunning practise out of hand
To scatter and disperse the giddie Gothes,
Or at the least make them his enemies:
See heere he comes, and I must ply my theame.
Titus. Long haue I been forlorne and all for thee,
Welcome dread Furie to my woefull house,
Rapine and Murther you are welcome too,
How like the Empresse and her sonnes you are,
Well are you fitted, had you but a Moore,
Could not all hell afford you such a deuill?
For well I wote the Empresse neuer wags
But in her company there is a Moore.
And would you represent our Queene aright,
It were conuenient you had such a deuill:
But welcome as you are, what shall we doe?
Tamora. What wouldst thou haue vs doe *Andronicus?*
Deme. Show me a murtherer ile deale with him.
Chiron. Show me a villaine that hath done a rape,
And *I* am sent to be reuenged on him.
Tamora. Show me a thousand that haue done thee wrong,
And *I* will be reuenged on them all.
Titus. Looke round about the wicked streets of Rome,
And when thou findst a man that's like thy selfe,
Good Murther stab him, hee's a murtherer.

Goe

Goe thou with him, and when it is thy hap
To finde another that is like to thee,
Good Rapine stab him, he is a rauisher.
Goe thou with them, and in the Emperours Court,
There is a Queene attended by a Moore,
Well maist thou know her by thine owne proportion,
For vp and downe she doth resemble thee.
I pray thee doe on them some violent death,
They haue beene violent to me and mine.
Tamora. VVell hast thou lesson vs, this shall we doe,
But would it please thee good *Andronicus,*
To send for *Lucius* thy thrice valiant sonne,
Who leades towards *Rome* a band of warlike Gothes,
And bid him come and banquet at thy house,
When hee is heere, euen at thy solemne feast,
I will bring in the Empresse and her sonnes,
The Emperour himselfe, and all thy foes,
And at thy mercy shall they stoope and kneele,
And on them shalt thou ease thy angry hart:
What sayes *Andronicus* to this deuise?

Enter Marcus.

Titus. *Marcus* my brother, tis sad *Titus* calls,
Goe gentle *Marcus* to thy Nephew *Lucius,*
Thou shalt enquire him out among the Gothes,
Bid him repaire to me, and bring with him
Some of the chiefest Princes of the Gothes,
Bid him encampe his souldiers where they are.
Tell him the Emperour and the Empresse too
Feast at my house, and he shall feast with them,
This doe thou for my loue, and so let him,
As he regards his aged Fathers life.
Mar. This will *I* doe, and soone returne againe.

Tamora.

Tamora. Now will I hence about thy busines,
And take my ministers along with me.
Titus. Nay, nay, let rape and murder stay with me,
Or els Ile call my brother backe againe,
And cleaue to no reuenge but *Lucius*.
Tam. What say you boyes, will you bide with him,
Whiles I goe tell my Lord the Emperour,
How I haue gouernd our determind ieſt,
Yeede to his humour, smooth and speake him faire,
And tarry with him till I turne againe.
Titus. I know them all, though they suppose me mad,
And will ore-reach them in theyr owne deuises,
A payre of curſed hell hounds and theyr Dame.
Deme. Madam depart at pleasure, leaue vs heere.
Tamora. Farewell *Andronicus*, Reuenge now goes
To lay a complot to betray thy foes.
Titus. I know thou doost, and sweet Reuenge farewell.
Chiron. Tell vs old man, how shall we be imployd,
Titus. Tnt I haue worke enough for you to doe.
Publius come hether, *Caius*, and *Valentine*,
Publius. What is your will.
Titus. Know you these two?
Pub. The Empresse sonnes I take thē, *Chiron*, *Demetrius*.
Titus. Fie *Publius* fie, thou art too much deceaude,
The one is Murder, Rape is the others name,
And therefore binde them gentle *Publius*,
Caius and *Valentine*, lay hands on them,
Oft haue you heard me wish for such an houre,
And now I finde it, therefore binde them sure,
And stop theyr mouthes if they begin to cry.
Chiron. Villaines forbeare, we are the Empresse sonnes.
Publius. And therefore do we what we are commanded.
Stop close their mouthes, let them not speake a word,
Is he sure bound, looke that you binde them fast.

Enter

Enter Titus Andronicus *with a knife, and* Lauinia *with a Baſon.*

Titus. Come, come, *Lauinia*, looke thy foes are bound,
Sirs stop theyr mouthes, let them not speake to me,
But let them heare what fearefull words I vtter.
Oh villaines, *Chiron* and *Demetrius*,
Here stands the spring whom you haue stain'd with mud,
This goodly Sommer with your Winter mixt,
You kild her husband, and for that vild fault,
Two of her brothers were condemnd to death,
My hand cut off, and made a merry ieſt,
Both her sweet hands, her tongue, and that more deere
Than hands or tongue, her spotleſſe chaſtitie,
Inhumaine traytors you conſtraind and forſt.
What would you say if I should let you speake?
Villaines for shame you could not beg for grace.
Harke wretches how I meane to marter you,
This one hand yet is left to cut your throates
Whilst that *Lauinia* tweene her stumps doth hold,
The Baſon that receaues your guiltie blood.
You know your Mother meanes to feaſt with me,
And calls herselfe Reuenge, and thinks me mad.
Harke villaines, I will grinde your bones to dust,
And with your blood and it, I'le make a paſte,
And of the paſte a coffen I will reare,
And make two paſties of your shamefull heads,
And bid that strumpet your vnhallowed Dam,
Like to the earth swallow her owne increaſe.
This is the feaſt that I haue bid her too,
And this the banquet she shall surfet on,
For worse than *Philomel* you vſde my daughter,
And worse than *Progne* I will be reueng'd.

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And now prepare your throates, *Lauinia* come,
Receaue the blood, and when that they are dead,
Let me goe grinde theyr bones to powder small,
And with this hatefull liquour temper it,
And in that paste let theyr vile heads be bakt,
Come, come, be euery one officius,
To make this banket, which I wish may proue
More sterne and bloody than the Centaurs feast.

He cuts their throates.

So now bring them in, for Ile play the Cooke,
And see them readie against theyr Mother comes.

Exeunt.

Enter Lucius, Marcus, and the Gothes.

Lucius. Vnckle *Marcus*, since tis my Fathers minde
That I repaire to Rome, I am content.

Goth. And ours with thine, befall what Fortune will.

Lucius. Good Vnckle take you in this barbarous *Moore*,
This rauenous Tiger, this accursed deuill,
Let him receaue no susstnance, fetter him,
Tell he be brought vnto the Empresse face,
For testemonie of her foule proceedings,
And see the Ambush of our friendes be strong,
I feare the Emperour meanes no good to vs.

Moore. Some deuill whisper curses in mine eare,
And prompt me, that my tongue may vtter forth,
The venemous mallice of my swelling hart.

Lucius. Away inhumane dogge, vnhallowed slaue,
Sirs, helpe our vnckle to conuay him in,
The trumpets shewe the Emperour is at hand.

Sound trumpets. Enter Emperour and Empresse, with Tribunes and others.

King. What hath the firmament moe sunnes than one?

Lucius.

Lucius. What bootes it thee to call thy selfe a sunne?

Marcus. Romes Emperour and Nephew breake the parle,
These quarrels must be quietly debated,
The feast is ready which the carefull *Titus*,
Hath ordainde to an honourable end,
For peace, for loue, for league and good to Rome,
Please you therefore draw nie and take your places.

Empe. *Marcus* we will.

Sound trumpets, enter Titus *like a Cooke, placing the meate on the table, and* Lauinia *with a vaile ouer her face.*

Titus. Welcom my gracious Lord, welcom dread Queene,
Welcome yee warlike *Gothes*, welcome *Lucius*,
And welcome all although the cheere bee poore,
Twill fill your stomacks, please you eate of it.

King. Why art thou thus attired *Andronicus*?

Titus. Because I would be sure to haue all well,
To entertaine your highnes and your Empresse,

Tam. We are beholding to you good *Andronicus*.

Titus. And if your highnes knew my hart you were,
My Lord the Emperour resolue me this,
Was it well doone of rash *Virginius*
To slay his daughter with his owne right hand,
Because shee was enforst, stainde, and deflowrde?

King. It was *Andronicus*.

Titus. Your reason mightie Lord.

King. Because the girle should not suruiue her shame,
And by her presence still renue his sorrowes.

Titus. A reason mighty, strong, and effectuall,
A patterne, president, and liuely warrant,
For me most wretched to performe the like,
Die, die, *Lauinia*, and thy shame with thee,
And with thy shame thy Fathers sorrow die.

King. What hast thou done, vnnaturall and vnkinde,

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Tit. Kild her for whom my teares haue made me blind.
I am as wofull as *Virginius* was,
And haue a thousand times more cause then he,
To doe this outrage, and it now is done.
King. What was she rauisht, tell who did the deede.
Titus. Wilt please you eate, wilt please your highnes feed.
Tam. Why hast thou slaine thine onely daughter thus?
Titus. Not I, twas *Chiron* and *Demetrius.*
They rauisht her, and cut away her tongue,
And they, twas they, that did her all this wrong.
King. Goe fetch them hether to vs presently,
Titus. Why there they are both, baked in that pie,
Whereof theyr mother daintilie hath fed
Eating the flesh that she herselfe hath bred.
Tis true, tis true, witnes my kniues sharpe point.

He Stabs the Empresse.

Empe. Die franticke wretch for this accursed deede.
Lucius. Can the sonnes eye behold his father bleede?
There's meede for meede, death for a deadly deede.
Marcus. You sad facde men, people and sons of Rome,
By vprores seuerd as a flight of fowle,
Scatterd by windes and high tempestious gusts,
Oh let me teach you how to knit againe
This scattred corne into one mutuall sheaffe,
These broken limbs againe into one body.
Roman Lord. Let Rome herselfe be bane vnto herselfe,
And shee whom mightie kingdoms curtie too,
Like a forlorne and desperate cast away,
Doe shamefull execution on herselfe.
But if my frostie signes and chaps of age,
Graue witnesses of true experience,
Cannot induce you to attend my words,
Speake Romes deere friend, as erst our Ancestor,

When with his solemne tongue he did discourse
To loue-sicke Didoes sad attending eare,
The story of that balefull burning night,
When subtile Greekes surprizd King Priams Troy.
Tell vs what Sinon hath bewitcht our eares,
Or who hath brought the fatall engine in
That giues our Troy, our Rome the ciuill wound.
My hart is not compact of flint nor steele,
Nor can I vtter all our bitter griefe,
But floods of teares will drowne my Oratorie,
And breake my vttrance euen in the time,
When it should moue you to attend me most,
Lending your kind commiseration,
Heere is a Captaine, let him tell the tale,
Your harts will throb and weepe to heare him speake.
Lucius. Then noble auditory be it knowne to you,
That cursed *Chiron* and *Demetrius*
Were they that murdred our Emperours brother,
And they it were that rauished our sister,
For their fell faults our brothers were beheaded,
Our Fathers teares despisd, and basely cousend,
Of that true hand that fought Romes quarrell out,
And sent her enemies vnto the graue.
Lastly my selfe vnkindly banished,
The gates shut on me and turnd weeping out,
To beg reliefe among *R*omes enemies,
Who drownd their enmity in my true teares,
And opt their armes to imbrace me as a friend,
I am the turned forth be it knowne to you,
That haue preserud her welfare in my blood,
And from her bosome tooke the enemies point,
Sheathing the steele in my aduentrous body.
Alas you know I am no vaunter I,
My scars can witnes dumb although they are,

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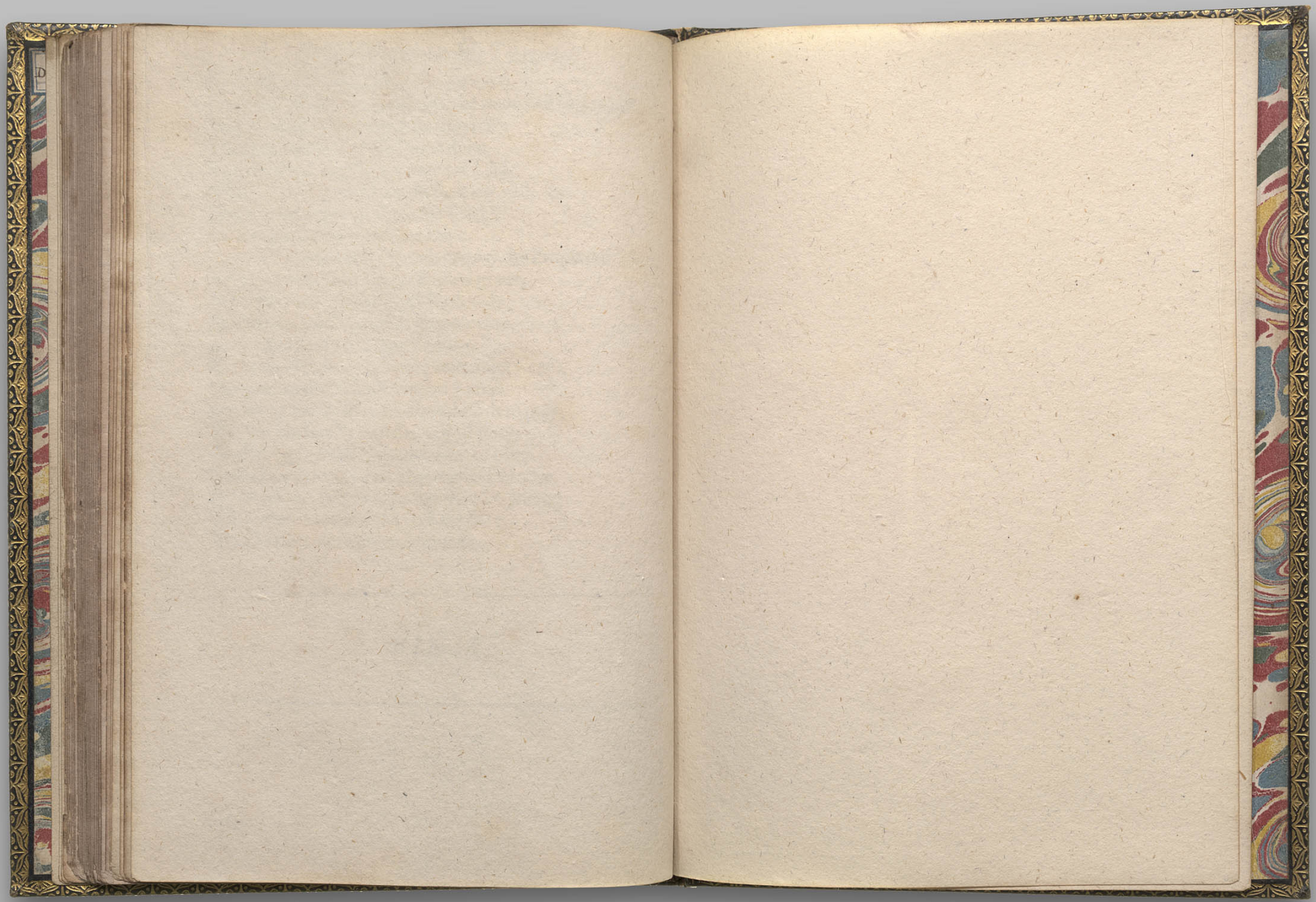
That my report is iuſt and full of truth,
But ſoft, me thinks I doe digreſſe too much,
Cyting my worthleſſe praiſe, Oh pardon me,
For when no friends are by, men praiſe themſelues.
Marcus. Now is my turne to ſpeake, behold the child,
Of this was *Tamora* deliuered,
The iſſue of an irreligious *Moore*,
Chiefe architect and plotter of theſe woes,
The villaine is aliue in *Titus* houſe,
And as he is to witnes this is true,
Now iudge what courſe had *Titus* to reuenge.
Theſe wrongs vnſpeakeable paſt patience,
Or more than any liuing man could beare.
Now you haue heard the truth, what ſay you Romaines?
Haue we done ought amiſſe, ſhew vs wherein,
And from the place where you behold vs now,
The poore remainder of *Andronicie*
Will hand in hand all headlong caſt vs downe,
And on the ragged ſtones beate forth our braines,
And make a mutuall cloſure of our houſe:
Speake Romaines ſpeake, and if you ſay we ſhall,
Loe hand in hand *Lucius* and I will fall.
Emilius. Come come thou reuerent man of Rome,
And bring our Emperour gently in thy hand,
Lucius our Emperour for well I know,
The common voyce doe cry it ſhall be ſo.
Marcus. *Lucius*, all haile Romes royall Emperour,
Goe goe into old *Titus* ſorrowfull houſe,
And hither hale that misbeleeuing *Moore*,
To be adiudge ſome direfull ſlaughtring death,
As puniſhment for his moſt wicked life.
Lucius all haile to Romes gracious Gouernour.
Lucius. Thanks gentle Romaines may I gouerne ſo,
To heale Romes harmes, and wipe away her woe,

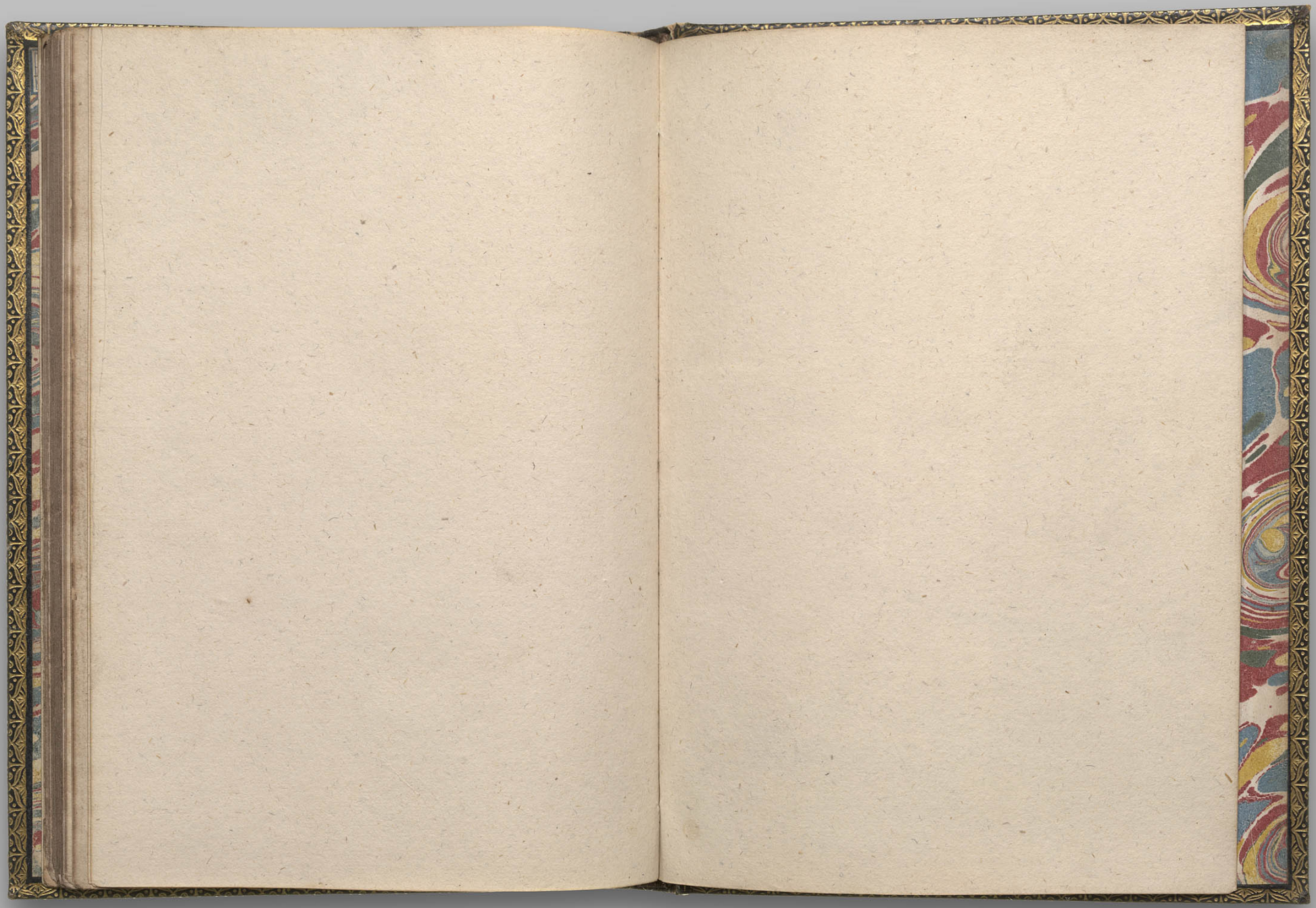
But gentle people giue me ayme a while,
For nature puts me to a heauie taske,
Stand all a loofe, but Vnkle draw you neere,
To ſhed obſequious teares vpon this trunke,
Oh take this warme kiſſe on thy pale cold lips,
Theſe ſorrowfull drops vpon thy blood ſlaine face,
The laſt true duties of thy noble ſonne.
Marcus. Teare for teare, and louing kiſſe for kiſſe,
Thy brother *Marcus* tenders on thy lips,
Oh were the ſumme of theſe that I ſhould pay,
Countleſſe and infinite, yet would I pay them.
Lucius. Come hither boy come, come and learne of vs
To melt in ſhowers, thy Grandſire lou'd thee well,
Many a time he daunſt thee on his knee,
Sung thee a ſleepe, his louing breaſt thy pillow,
Many a matter hath he told to thee,
Meete and agreeing with thine infancie,
In that reſpect then, like a louing child.
Shed yet ſome ſmall drops from thy tender ſpring,
Becauſe kind nature doth require it ſo,
Friends ſhould aſſociate friends in griefe and woe.
Bid him farewell, commit him to the graue,
Doe them that kindnes, and take leaue of them.
Puer. Oh Grandſire, Grandſire, eu'n with all my hart.
Would I were dead ſo you did liue againe,
O Lord I cannot ſpeake to him for weeping,
My teares will choake me if I ope my mouth.
Romaine. You ſad *Andronicie* haue done with woes,
Giue ſentence on this execrable wretch,
That hath beene breeder of theſe dire euents.
Lucius. Set him breaſt deepe in earth and famiſh him,
There let him ſtand and raue and cry for foode,
If any one releeues or pitties him,
For the offence he dies, this is our doome.

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Some stay to see him fastned in the earth.
Aron. Ah why should wrath be mute and fury dumb,
I am no baby I, that with base prayers
I should repent the euils I haue done,
Ten thousand worse than euer yet I did,
Would I performe if I might haue my will,
If one good deede in all my life I did
I doe repent it from my very soule.
Lucius. Some louing friends conuay the Emperour hence,
And giue him buriall in his Fathers graue,
My Father and *Lauinia* shall forthwith
Be closed in our housholds monument:
As for that hainous Tiger *Tamora*,
No funerall right, nor man in mourning weeds,
No mournfull bell shall ring her buriall.
But throw her forth to beasts and birds to pray,
Her life was beastly and deuoide of pitty,
And being so, shall haue like want of pitty.
See iustice done on *Aron* that damn'd Moore,
By whom our heauie haps had their beginning:
Than afterwards to order well the state,
That like euents may nere it ruinate.

FINIS.







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